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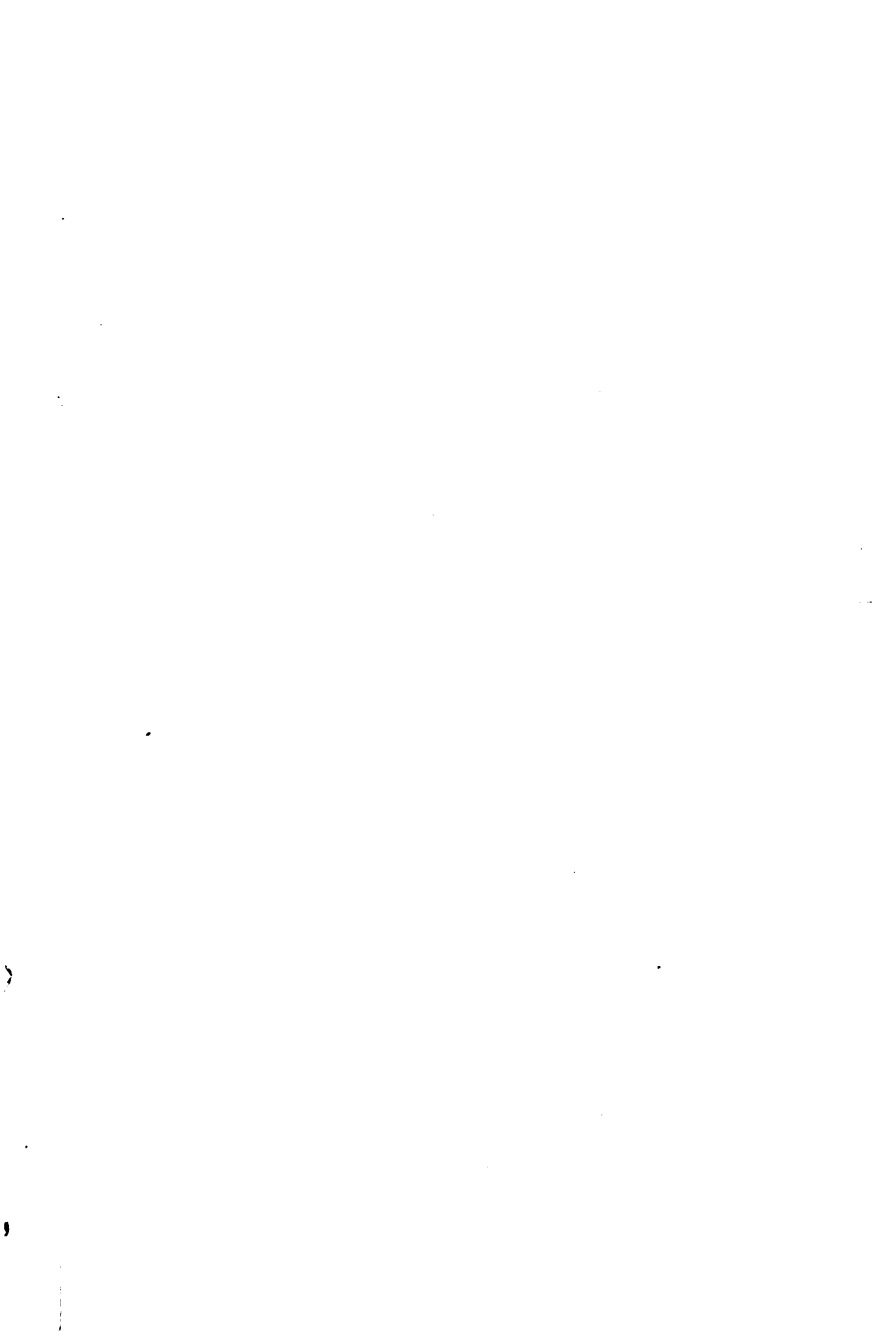
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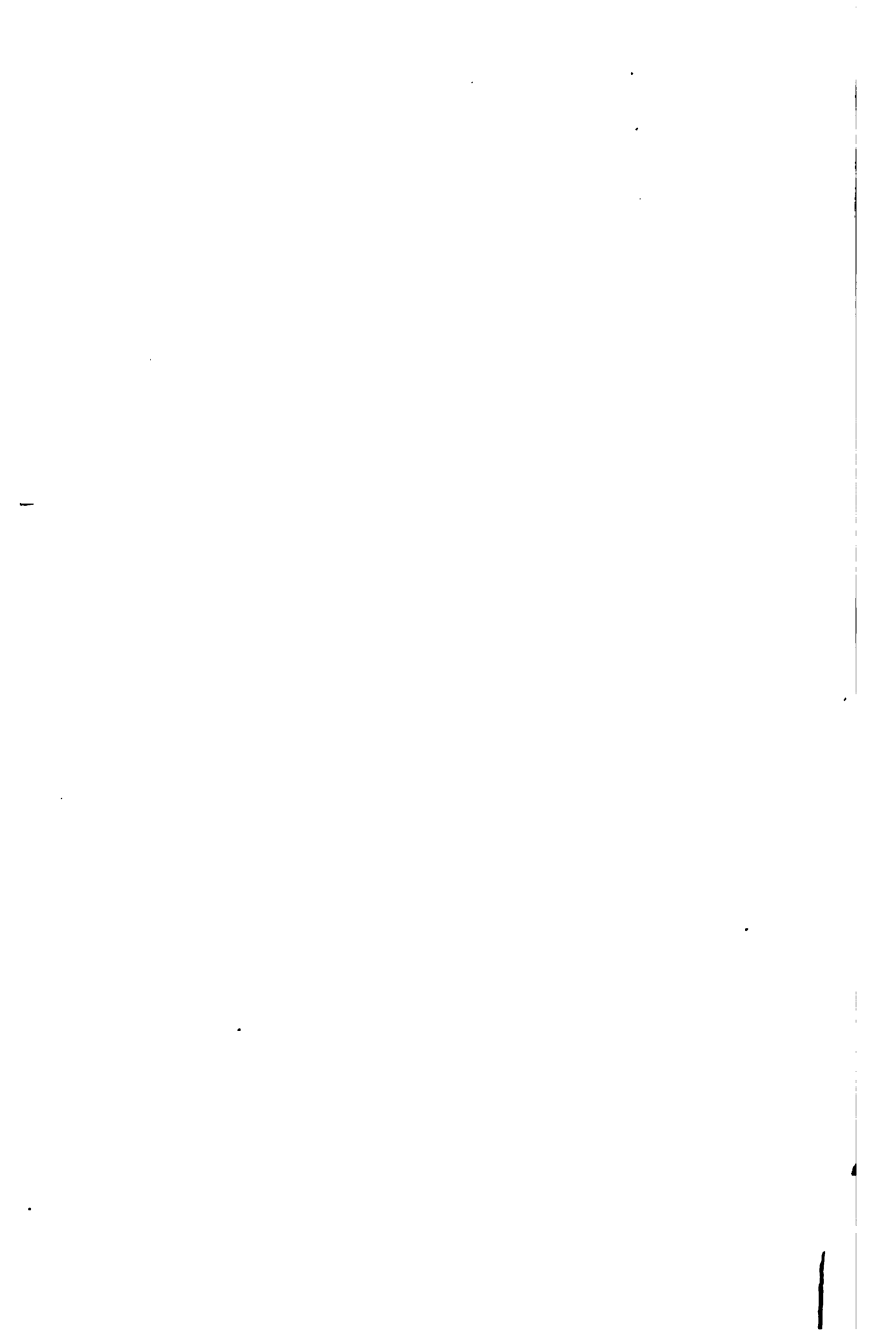


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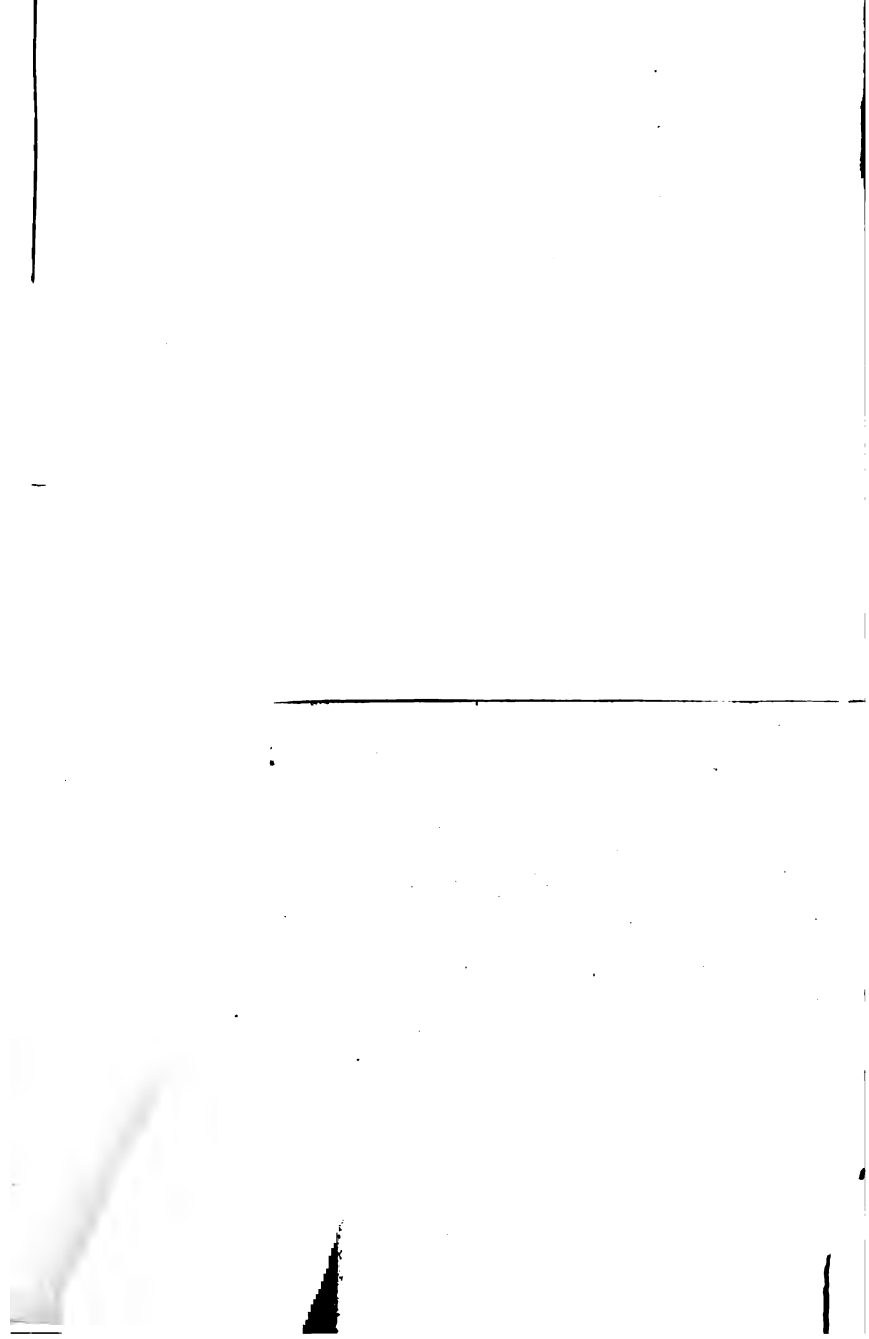
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to the

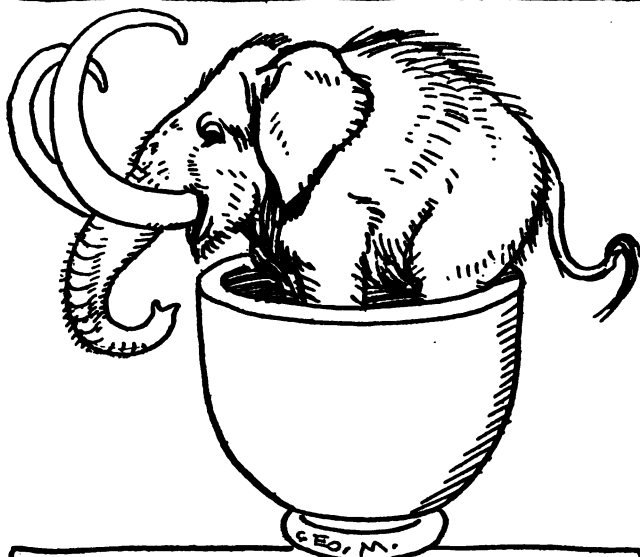
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TESTIMONIALS

Sir Henry Howorth writes from the Mammoth Fun City:—"It is the tuskkiest beverage I ever quaffed. I fill my fountain pen with it whenever I write to the *Times*."

Mr. A. C. Benson writes from Magdalene College, Cambridge:—"Although my habitual tippie is milk, I fortified myself with Vim-Mamm in order to write the jungle passages in *The Upton Sinclair Letters*."

Mr. H. W. Mastodon, Editor of *The Nation*, writes:—"It recalls the delicious pleiocene flavour of 5,000 years ago."

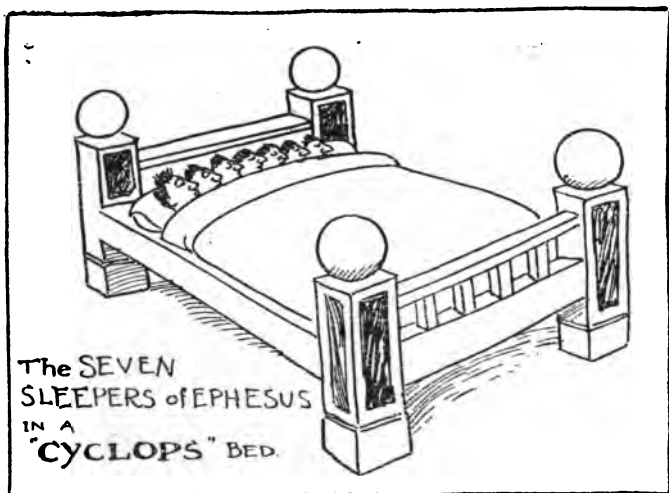
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No More Insomnia.

Sleep is Guaranteed in a
"CYCLOPS" BED

Never known to fail.
More potent than any author.



TESTIMONIAL

"Your 'Cyclops' bed is worth hundreds of pounds to me; for I did not wake up for five years, thus saving food, gas, coal, clothes, washing and doctor's bills. Please send me 2 more."—*Rip Van Winkle II.*

N.B.—This is the only sleep-producer on the market without a testimonial from the Duke of Devonshire.

FURNISH WITH TASTE

A Boon to Lovers of Oysters!!



OLD STYLE

After Eating the Shell.



NEW STYLE

After using our Knife.

For too Many Years

Oyster-eaters have been swallowing the shell whole, unable to extract the more delicious morsel that lurks shyly within.

By the use of our wonderful

• OYSTER OPENER

THE REVELATION

the digestive organs will no longer be hampered by the presence of insoluble articles; the palate will be delighted; and the shells liberated for the decoration of Grottos, &c.

TESTIMONIALS

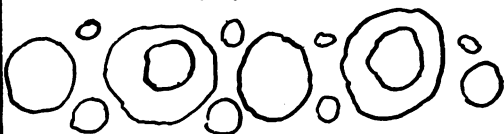
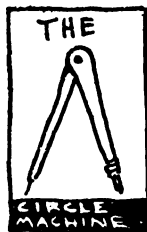
One Old Ox writes :—" I now open them all day long."

A leading Dyspeptic writes :—" I have been much better since I began to use your knife."

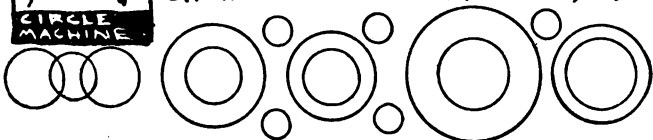
Price, Ordinary Quality : Three Whale's Tusks each.

„ Better Quality : Two Bear's Skins „

SOME RECENT INVENTIONS.



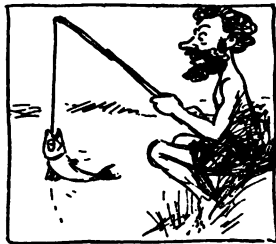
CIRCLES DRAWN IN THE OLD MANNER BY HAND.



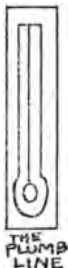
CIRCLES DRAWN WITH THE NEW MACHINE.



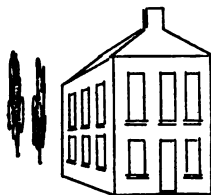
OLD METHOD



NEW METHOD



HOUSE BUILT IN OLD MANNER WITHOUT PLUMB LINE



HOUSE BUILT IN NEW MANNER WITH PLUMB LINE.





SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

The names are (reading from left to right) :—

(1) Adam ; (2) Rameses II ; (3) Homer ; (4) Socrates ; (5) Alexander the Great ; (6) Hannibal ; (7) Julius

HUSTLED HISTORY

or,

As It Might Have Been

By the Authors of
"Wisdom While You Wait,"
& "Signs of the Times"

Illustrated by George Morrow

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd.

1908

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OCT 16 1923

Proem

If you would judge aright the present scene,
And learn what makes it noisy, vulgar, mean—
Come gaze upon the Hustling Might-Have-Been !

Introduction

by the

Rt. Hon. James Bryce, O.M.

(At Enormous Expense)

John Bright once remarked that what Man had done Man could do. That however was only half the truth. Equally true is it that what Man does Man has done ever since (to use a colloquialism of my friend President Roosevelt) the word "go." The pages that follow are an eloquent if somewhat disordered testimony to the sagacity of these remarks.

It is a great pleasure to me to assist the authors by any words of mine, for I knew them both when they were mere chits, and have many a time had them one on each knee. I —

[*Enough.* E. V. L.]

[*Satis.* C. L. G.]

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(with which is incorporated "The
Historic Advertiser")

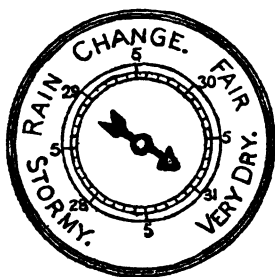
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Episode I

The Flood

"DAILY MAIL" WEATHER

Synopsis and Forecast
by our Own Expert



SPECIAL FORECAST

We are in a position to state that no rain can fall for several months. A serious drought is beginning.

Optimism at the Mansion House

SPEAKING last night at the Mansion House, Admiral Sir John Fisher, O.M., ridiculed the idea of a coming inundation. In trumpet tones which were only too audible in Cheapside and caused the dome of St. Paul's to heel over at a still more dangerous angle, the gallant Admiral denounced the unpatriotic pessimism of unprincipled meteorologists. "The barometer," yelled Sir John, "has never been so high before. It has stood at Very Dry for three weeks (loud cheers from Mrs. Elinor Glyn and Mr. Gerald Duckworth). It is hitched for shining. It cannot fall,—at least not in my time. There may be a deluge one day, but it will be *après moi*. Meantime, my advice to you all is:—

"Wholly dismiss from your heads

Fears of a flood to be;
Sleep undisturbed in your beds,
And trust in the glass and Me."

[Terrific Applause.]

The Heavy Rain

By one of those amazing *volte-faces*, at which the climate of Mesopotamia is such an adept, the drought which began yesterday has already been interrupted if not ruined by an unprecedented rainfall which shows little signs of abatement.

From all Quarters

A Mesopotamian Eccentric

NOAH, a wealthy and highly-respected shipbuilder of Damascus, who has just celebrated his five hundredth birthday, has astonished his friends by laying down the keel of the largest vessel ever planned, with the object, he says, of preserving the human and animal race from extinction in the inundation which he is convinced is imminent. To back a private conviction with an undertaking involving such labour and expense is naturally not without its effect, and although the old gentleman's earnestness is the cause of laughter in some, there are many others, chiefly among the poorer and simpler classes, who are deeply impressed by his words.

Will the Rain Last?

Interview with Mr. Hugh Clements

SEEN yesterday at his snug residence at Ponder's End, the famous weather prophet expressed himself in no uncertain terms as to the claims of his Mesopotamian rival. "The aged fanatic, Noah," said Mr. Clements, "simply relies on the power of assertion to influence the uneducated masses. I don't believe he knows the difference between a cyclone and an anti-cyclone. All I can say is that if this rain does last, Providence will be flying in the face of the expert and extending a dangerous encouragement to exotic impostors."

Our Ruined Summer

THE downpour, which shows no sign of abating, certainly lends colour to the ship-building activities in Noah's dockyard, and so much does it look as if his forecast as to a flood is correct that applications for berths in the Ark are now reaching him from

every part. But in vain. A printed reply has been prepared to the effect that the only passengers to be taken in addition to the animals, are the captain's own family, Shem, Ham, Japhet, Zambra, and Jamrach, and their wives.

Can it go on Raining?

Theory of Sun Spots

Interview with Sir Norman Lockyer

CHEERILY hailing us through a cloud of tobacco smoke, the famous physicist, who was practising sun-spot strokes on his new ark-oval billiard table, at once plunged into a lucid exposition of his favourite theory. The composition of the sun, he observed, is, roughly speaking, identical with that of a rubber-cored golf ball. Therefore, when the sun, by the violent impact of some extra-solar force, is caused to deviate from its normal orbit, protuberances occur on its surface similar to those observable on a golf-ball which has been badly "topped" by an inexperienced player. The result of these protuberances

is felt throughout the whole solar system; and at the present time there is a very considerable protuberance—measuring about 600,000 miles across—in a high state of activity. But to argue from this that the downpour is likely to be universally protracted is altogether preposterous. "I have the best reasons for believing," added Sir Norman impressively, "that this rain cannot go on much longer. In any case I wish to point out that with the money which has been mopped up by the Mesopotamian Syndicate we might easily have equipped a new Scientific University."

The Choice of Passengers

Nominees for the Ark

MUCH dissatisfaction having been felt from Noah's not altogether unselfish decision to accommodate only his own family and representatives of the animal kingdom, reply telegrams were yesterday despatched to persons of distinction, requesting their opinion as to which eminent persons in all walks of life ought also to be preserved in the Ark. It

was understood that each recipient of the telegram was entitled to select himself first. Among the replies received are the following :—

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw :—

"I can think of no one else, except, perhaps, Barker."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree :—

"The Censor."

Mr. Ginnell :—

"Mr. Augustine Birrell."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton :—

"My tailor."

Here and There

THE suicide is reported from Aleppo of a market gardener whose mind became unhinged through the submersion of his crops.

Brought up at the Damascus Assizes on a charge of selling milk diluted with an illegal percentage of water, Abou ben Ezra, a local dairy farmer, pleaded that it was impossible to milk his cows without immersion to the waist and was discharged with a caution.

Clinging to some floating wreckage, the staff of the Mount Carmelite Press were reduced to hoisting their *small caps* as a signal of distress and were ultimately descried

and rescued by the crew of the Haifa lifeboat.

Interviewed yesterday at the City Temple between the acts, the Rev. R. J. Campbell confirmed the report that he had declined a tempting offer to accompany Noah's expedition in the capacity of Chief Arkimandrite.

THE OFFICE WINDOW

"Daily Chronicle" Office.

OPINIONS differ considerably as to the pronunciation of the name of the strange ship-building enthusiast whose belief in bad weather is so deeply and oddly rooted. This writer has heard him called both "No-a" and "No-e," but the man in the street would have his name to rhyme to "more," as this writer can asseverate from evidence collected in numberless 'bus rides. This writer would give the gentle reader the benefit of these conversations were it not that the *Daily Chronicle* office has just caught fire, and though it is awfully jolly to write with a fire underneath your chair and the smoke in your eyes, just at the present moment this writer's trowsers are too hot.

My Friend Ham

By F. T. Bullen

("Windbag the Whaler")

MUCH has been said in the daily and weekly press about the personality and charm of Noah, the pious and enterprising Mesopotamian ship-builder whose place in the public eye looms at the present moment so large, but I have seen nothing as to his sons, and this seems to me a grievous and unique error, particularly in regard to the second, Ham, a fine, manly young fellow now in his three hundredth year, with whom it has long been my proud privilege to be acquainted. In spite of his father's great wealth, Ham was never allowed to waste his time at Oxford or Cambridge College, but was early apprenticed to my own noble element, the sea, the best school in the world not only for men but for writers. I have met in my time many simple religious sailors who by their sweet influence have made the fo'c'sle little less than a floating paradise, but first of them stands out Noah's second son.

Civilization to Go On

Noah's Humane
Plans

INTERVIEWED yesterday by our special correspondent at Damascus, Noah said that he could not for a moment entertain the proposal recently made in the *Daily Mail*, but he had decided in the interests of civilization to stretch a point here and there and add certain essential animals to those already arranged for in the ark, viz., two Harmsworths, two Pearsons, two photographers and two linotypes. This decision has created the liveliest satisfaction in journalistic circles.

The True Inward- ness of the Ark

By Arnold White

THE Syndicate of Discontent have hitherto confined themselves exclusively to malevolent destructive criticism. Now, however, they have ventured to formulate a constructive policy, and in order to demonstrate the inefficiency of the *Dreadnought*,

have actually laid down an experimental battleship to serve the double purpose of dishing the Board of Admiralty and playing into the hands of the organizers of the Flood-scare.

Fresh from a visit to the yard where this monstrosity is in process of construction, I am in a position to lay before the readers of the *Daily Chronicle* authentic information as to its structure, speed and complement. To begin with, I may mention that the architect is an elderly Mesopotamian who cannot speak a word of English—a strange satire on the alleged patriotism of the new venture—and has stipulated that the *Ark*, as the ship is to be called, shall be exclusively officered by members of his own family!

In his choice of type he has deliberately reverted to that of the houseboat and, more amazing still, entirely dispensed with steel, iron, or copper in the construction of the hull. After this our readers will not be surprised to learn that the *Ark* will not be propelled by steam, but they will hardly be prepared for the announcement that the paddles will be simply enlarged versions of those used in a river canoe. Even in the most favourable circumstances, I doubt whether the *Ark* will be able to make more than three or at

the outside four knots an hour. Her armament is as novel as her structure. There will be no guns, torpedoes or rifles on board, the designers relying solely for defence on the presence of a travelling menagerie, in the fatuous hope—worthy of the Chinese in their unenlightened days—that in case of a naval action an up-to-date enemy could be driven off by the roaring of lions, the trumpeting of elephants, and the hooting of gorillas. To sum up, the scheme stands condemned for the following reasons: (1) It is a family, not a national affair; (2) the type of ship chosen is obsolete and unseaworthy; (3) the *matériel* is bad and the *personnel* worse.

The Ark Launched Huge Success

OUR special correspondent telegraphs from Mesopotamia that the *Ark* was successfully launched yesterday. The ceremony was a very simple one. Mrs. Noah broke a bottle of Emu Burgundy over the bows, and the vessel immediately left the slips. On observing that she floated on a level keel the aged ship-builder fainted away, but was quickly brought to.

At the Sign of the Ark

By ANDREW LANG

AN arkæological correspondent asks me for information about an old chanty in which a midshipman finds three cobras concealed in his ditty-box. I do not know the chanty, but it is evidently a perversion of an old *fabliau* by Guillem de Cabestan, hence the reference to Capstan Bill. I suppose there is a capstan on the Ark, but my ignorance of nautical matters is exhaustive, and

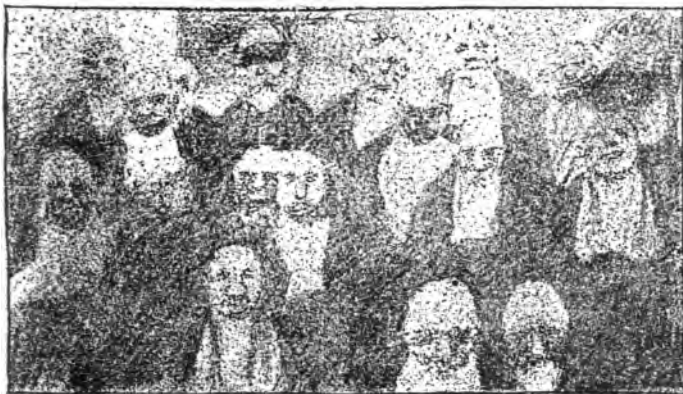
might extend from here to Mesopotamy.

* * *

If my quotation is incorrect, Mesopotamians, who have with Noah sailed, need not write to me from all quarters of the compass to castigate my inaccuracy. *Non semper arcum tendit Apollo*. I prefer blue china to yellow journals, totems to motors, and a *jongleur* to John Burns.

* * *

I seldom see a newspaper now, and when I do I feel like an archbishop at Maxim's. Who on earth is Harold Begbie?



SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE ARK

The names (reading from left to right) are :—

- (1) Lord Charles Beresford ; (2) Sir Percy Scott ; (3) Sir John Fisher ;
- (4) Prince Louis of Battenberg ; (5) Mr. Arnold White ; (6) Mr. Rollo Appleyard ; (7) Hon. Charles Parsons ; (8) Dr. J. A. Ewing, C.B. ;
- (9) Sir John Thornycroft ; (10) Mr. R. C. Lehmann, M.P. ; (11) Mr. Bruce Ismay ; (12) Mr. Yarrow ; (13) Sir Thomas Lipton ; (14) Captain Kettle ; (15) Mr. W. W. Jacobs ; (16) Mr. Joseph Conrad.

STOP PRESS NEWS

FLOOD still rising.
Nothing now remains
above the water but
the Ark and the
higher slopes of Mr.
Hall Caine's head.

The Ark's Trial Trip

Great Success A Real Ocean Snail

THE trial trip of the Ark, which has been, of course, marked by complete secrecy, began a month ago, when the vessel left the dock and sailed, or to be more exact, floated, away serenely on a S.S.W. course. A large concourse assembled on the shore and remained there watching her until yesterday, when she at last vanished over the edge

of the horizon. No particulars have, of course, come to hand, so jealousy is her company guarded, but we are in a position to say that when she has her full complement of passengers and stores on board she will be even slower.

By the Way

AFTER its record trial trip there is nothing for it but to call Noah's vessel the *Arc de Triomphe*.

People are wondering how news of the vessel's progress reached the shore. By arconigraph, of course.

Have you a Friend in the Ark?

If so an ideal way of showing sympathy with him is to subscribe for a year for the half-seas-over edition of the

DAILY MAIL.

Write to

Chief Clerk
Daily Mail, E.C.



Overcrowding in the Ark

TO THE EDITOR OF THE
"HUMANITARIAN."

SIR,

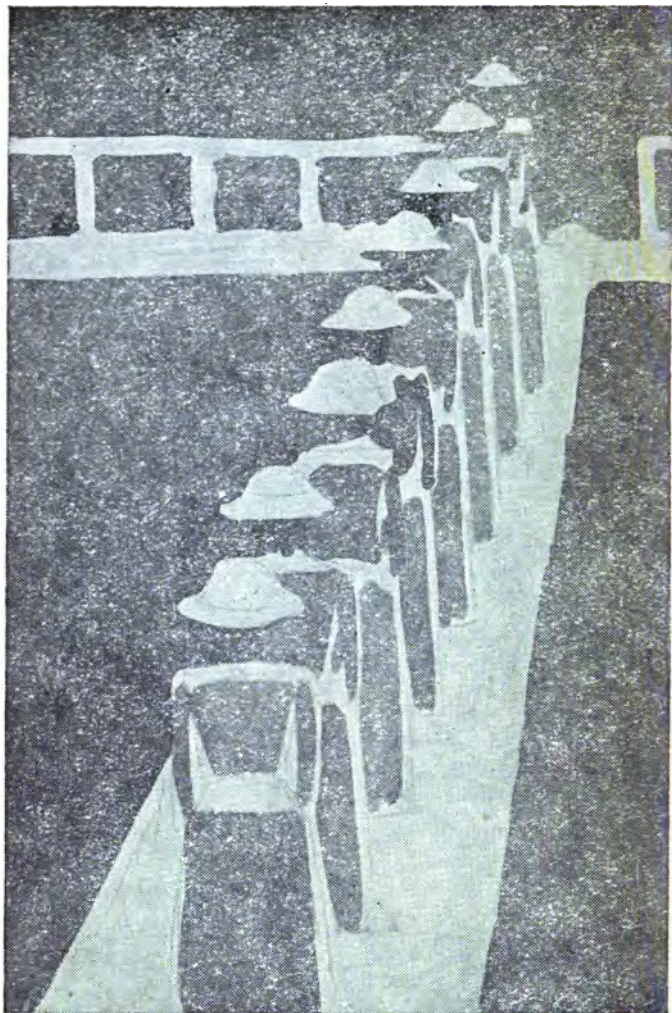
If the reports of the intentions of Noah as to the preservation of the human and animal race are accurate, it is time that steps were taken to prevent him from further action. For, as I understand it, he is proposing to confine for an unlimited number of days not only himself and

his family (for whose welfare, however, I am unconcerned), but two of each of the whole fauna of Mesopotamia in a kind of enlarged houseboat, which has, as I understand, *only one window*, and that a very small one. Unless an assurance of better sanitation reaches us shortly, I have no hesitation in stating that my Society will interfere.

I am, etc.,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

P.S.—A further grievance of ours is that Noah is taking only one brown dog instead of two according to contract.



NOAH AND HIS FAMILY ENTERING THE ARK

The names from the top figure, downwards, are Noah, Shem, Ham, Japhet, Jamrach, Zambra, Mr. William Le Queux, and Mr. Harry De Windt

[*Daily Error* copyright]

All Records Broken

The Ark Reaches Ararat at Last

Slowest Passage Extant

*(From Our Special
Correspondent)*

ARARAT. Monday, 4 p.m.
Ark arrived safe.

10 p.m. From a brief interview with the skipper I gather that the voyage was marked by no untoward incidents beyond a mutiny among the smaller felidae, which was promptly quelled by Jamrach. A week before land was sighted the two Clarence Rooks escaped through an Oriel porthole and have not been heard of since. During the last month the venerable Commodore remained on the bridge night and day, and has sensibly aged since I last saw him.

The behaviour of his family was on the whole admirable. Ham was in great request as a burnt-cork minstrel at the fo'c'sle sing-songs, and Shem created considerable amusement by always wearing an enormous gold chain and three sou'westers even in the hottest weather. In conclusion, I may state that the "Ark" triumphantly vindicated her claim to be considered the Tortoise of the Tigris valley, her log showing an average speed for the entire voyage of $1\frac{1}{4}$ knots per diem. The daily sweepstake was won seventeen times by Zambra, Noah's fifth son, which gave rise to a certain amount of unpleasantness. Otherwise a spirit of perfect *camaraderie* pervaded the entire crew.

THE

ARARAT-KULM HOTEL

Proprietors : SEILER BROS.

Our motto :—

"Always Summit to Eat."

Publishers' Announcements

**By ENGLAND'S GREATEST
ZOOLOGIST**

Two of a Kind

Being Notes of a Naturalist on
the Ark

By **JAMBACH** (*Noah's Fourth Son*)

**By ENGLAND'S GREATEST
PLURALIST**

A new and popular work by the
author of "The Upton Letters."

**In
Shallow Waters**

By **Arthur Christopher Benson**

**By ENGLAND'S GREATEST
METEOROLOGIST**

A work of fascinating meteorological
interest.

**In Dampest
Mesopotamia**

By **ZAMBRA** (*Noah's Fifth Son*)

**By ENGLAND'S GREATEST
IMPRESSIONIST**

The Re-emergence of Bart.

**A Stowaway on
the Ark**

A Personal Narrative without a Verb
or a Comma

By **BART KENNEDY**

**By ENGLAND'S GREATEST
SENSATIONALIST**

The Sensation of the Season.

When it was Wet

By **GUY THORNE**

With preface by Mr. Wakeling Dry

This is the best book that Mr. Guy Thorne
has yet written. It will be remembered
that two Ranger Gulls were among the
birds preserved in the Ark.

Harmsworth's History of the World

In view of the possibilities foreshadowed by Noah, it has been thought advisable by the publishers of this fascinating and invaluable sevenpenny work to rush it out with incredible rapidity. If the world is really about to be drowned the sooner you read this book the better, for it is better to be drowned wise than ignorant.

What could be more undesirable than to go to a watery grave with an incomplete knowledge of the world you are leaving?

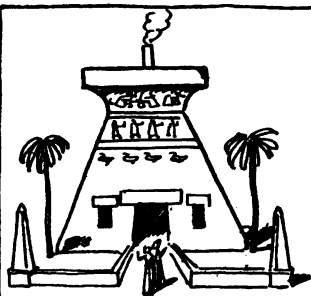
**Hasten then with
your Sevenpences!**

Episode II

The Origin of Diabolo

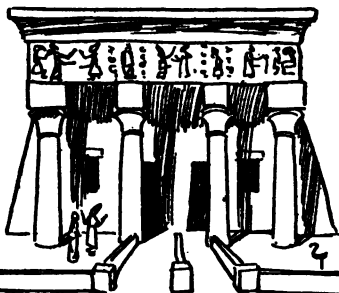


To Young Couples.



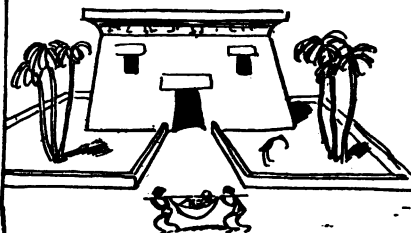
"THE DAT PALMS"

Bijou Residence, near Karnak.
Hot and cold mud laid on.
N.B.—Beware of the crocodile.



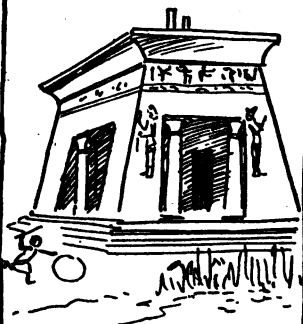
"NILE VIEW"

Semi-detached villa overlooking the
desert. Uninterrupted view of the
mirage.



"MEMNON MANSION"

Family Residence, beautifully situated
close to the Pyramids, facing
the Nile. Very healthy position
on sand. Houseboat if wanted.
Frequent dahabeeahs.



"PASHT COURT"

With burial chambers and
roof garden.
Would suit murderer.

Episode III

The Siege of Troy

Troy, Troy Again

From the *Daily Mail* of
April 1st, 1183 B.C.

WE take advantage of the lull in the hostilities before the Phrygian capital to draw some obvious lessons from this historic struggle. As it has been our undeviating practice never to retain the services of a war correspondent for more than three weeks—to use a phrase consecrated by the genius of Mrs. Elinor Glyn—we are in the proud position of having laid before our readers the fresh and vivid news of no fewer than 173 brainy and independent writers. We need hardly insist on the enormous superiority of this method over that adopted by some of our fossilized contemporaries who depend exclusively for their news from the front upon the services of aged and consistent men, so rooted to the spot that they can think of nothing else. Even as we write pathetic details reach us of the condition of Mr. Bennet Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, whose monotonous and

wearisome fidelity to his post has prematurely aged him to such an extent that he has been frequently mistaken for Nestor—an error which has only been removed on his beginning to speak. For our own part we are entirely convinced by the arguments expressed by our latest correspondent *pro tem.* in another column, that Troy will never fall and that the Greeks would be well advised to acquiesce in the inevitable and return to their homes without delay.

IMPRESSIONS OF HELEN OF TROY*

By T. P.

I HAVE met many beautiful women in my time—Lola Montez, Piccolomini, the Empress Eugénie, and Mrs. Eddy, to mention no others; indeed, I might almost say that I have never met a woman whom I could not describe as more or less beautiful; but I am bound to say, and with a full consciousness of the consequences, that I never met anyone who was so extraordinarily lovely as

* Copyright, 1907, by T. P. O'Connor, in
U.S. of America.

Helen of Troy. It is many years since our meeting and I am told by my friend, Sir Conan Doyle, that she is sadly changed, but the memory will never leave me until I am gathered to my ancestors in the good grey town of Galway.

Helen, as you know, has never visited these shores. But it was my good fortune to be introduced to her during a visit to Greece with my dear old friend, Dr. Lunn, on board his gigantic steamship, the *Argonaut*—a name fraught with so many romantic associations of Jason and the Golden Fleece and Medea, another superlatively lovely heroine, though reminding me at times of Lady Macbeth.

We had put in at the Piræus, and proceeded thence in a gigantic royal char-à-banc *via* Corinth to Sparta, when we were hospitably entertained by King Menelaus, a dour but handsome man of middle age. I was placed next Helen at lunch and found her a brilliant conversationalist. I remember her vivid sympathy with Ireland in the secular struggle with the Saxon oppressor and the tears that quivered on her exquisite eyelashes, the longest I have ever seen. Even Dr. Lunn quailed at the spectacle of such unearthly beauty, set off by her classic costume and twenty-four-button lemon kid gloves. The

nonchalance with which she treated her husband already attracted attention, but I had not the faintest suspicion of the ghastly scandal which shortly afterwards devastated the Peloponnesus. In a word, she was not yet Helen of Troy but still Helen of Sparta.

Achilles

Another Mother's Son

(By C. B. Fry)

THE parentage of Achilles is somewhat obscure, but I have always been given to understand that he also was his Mother's Son. Never a bookish boy, he early eclipsed all his schoolmates in all manly games and exercises. While still at a preparatory school at Elis he threw the discus 144 yards, establishing a record. At Corinth—the Repton of Greece—he was champion gymnast, boxer and wrestler. At Athens he took a first in Mods, besides winning the Grand National Chariot race at the Olympic Games. His style at cricket reminds me a little of Mr. Hutchings, blended with Trumper and a player who shall be nameless, with perhaps an infusion of the great Ranji, the Jam of Sussex (whom the gods preserve!).



WINSOME LITTLE HELEN OF TROY IN HER NEW
2 H.P. CHARIOT [*Daily Error* copyright]

FIGHTING AGAINST ODDS

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE
"TIMES.")

DEAR SIR,

In yesterday's foreign telegrams I read that Achilles, the Greek general, killed the Queen of the Amazons in single combat. The moral of this incident is, I think, tolerably clear. In the first place, Achilles fought at a manifest advantage, for it must never be forgotten that he owed his practical invulnerability not to himself but to his mother's fore-

thought. Secondly, the action of the Amazon Queen disposes once and for all of the stale fiction that women will not fight to the death for a cause which they hold dear.

I am, etc.,

MILLICENT GARRETT
FAWCETT.

Touches the Spot!

Priceless for warriors, whether
Greeks or Trojans.

HOMERCEA

THE BEST BALM

By the Way

CONSIDERING how weighty a matter the war has become, would it not be more suitable to call the lady Helen of Avoirdupois ?

Smith minor can't quite make out why the lesser Ajax should be called Oileus. He supposes the reason is that some day he hopes to strike Ile-ium.

The following four lines have been sent us by an 'Arrow boy :—

"The Trojans, though closely blockaded and penned up,
Are bravely and cheerfully keeping their end up ;
For they've got in reserve great Achilles to harass,
An arrow that's poisoned with plaster of Paris."

Diseases of the Heel

By C. W. Saleeby, M.D.

THE tragic end of the great Greek general, news of which only reached me five minutes ago, has more than a political



SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES AT THE FUNERAL GAMES
OF PATROCLUS

The names (reading from left to right) are :—

(1) Agamemnon ; (2) Menelaus ; (3) Ajax ; (4) Ulysses ; (5) Stentor ; (6) Thersites ; (7) Nestor ; (8) Achilles ; (9) Mr. Andrew Lang ; (10) Rev. A. J. Church ; (11) Prof. Gilbert Murray ; (12) Mr. C. B. Fry ; (13) Homer ; (14) Bohn ; (15) Mr. James Bryce ; (16) Sandow.

STOP PRESS NEWS

GOODWOOD CUP.

Censor	1
Barker	2
Garnett	3

CRICKET.

Surrey all out, 365.
Hants won by 2 wkts.

TROJAN WAR.

Achilles mortally wounded
in heel ; sinking rapidly.

Bank rate unchanged.

or a military significance. I shall treat of those aspects of the case in thirteen other daily and weekly newspapers, and for the moment must restrict my survey to its psycho-physiological side.

Every age has its special ailments, which are closely correlated to the particular phase of evolution reached by the human race, and the remarkable prevalence of heel-complaints at the moment is clearly to be attributed to the strain imposed on this portion of the human frame

by certain callings which have leapt into prominence and importance of late years, notably those of skating, dancing, diabolo and motor-ing. In skating nearly all the most difficult turns are effected on the heel. In cake-walking the strain on the heel is terrific, as I have been assured again and again by Messrs. Buzzard, while the best "two-steppers" frequently break down in early youth from calcifying of the metatarsal ganglia. It was to an excessive devotion to diabolo and its consequent ill-effects on his fetlocks that the temporary absence of Mr. C. B. Fry from the cricket-field was due. Lastly, there is the case of the chauffeur. Here I can speak from intimate personal knowledge, as I drive my own car, an 8-cylinder Bollinger, in which the levers operated by the foot are no fewer than sixteen in number, and had I not been an expert organist as well as the champion wing-forward of the British Association team, I doubt whether I should have been able to cope with the enormous difficulties of the situation. As it is, I believe both my heels would have given way but for the constant use of M. Metchnikoff's talarian anti-toxin, the existence of which unfortunately seems to have been unknown to the gifted Greek commander.

An Earlier Great Wyrley

Interview with "Sherlock Holmes"

INTERVIEWED yesterday on his return from Greece and the theatre of war, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, wearing a very grave face, confirmed the rumours that have reached this country as to the deplorable treatment of the Trojan horse.

The great novelist and humanitarian, who saw it with his own eyes, and has photographs to support his ghastly story, tells us that there is a wound in the animal's abdomen large enough for several men to pass through. He never, he says, saw anything so extraordinary.

Asked as to who was the author of this outrage, Sir Arthur said nothing, but his look spoke volumes. He could, he said, put his hand on the guilty man at a moment's notice, and at the present moment was on his way to the Home Office to impart the secret in confidence. This, however, he felt at liberty to say and to authorize us to make public—that whoever was responsible for the condition of the Trojan horse, it was not Mr. Edalji, and of that there was no question. With these highly satisfactory

words, the great novelist hurried off, leaving us on his magic door-step.

THE LESSONS OF THE TROJAN WAR

BY SPENSER WILKINSON

(From the *Morning Post*.)

WHILE congratulating the Greeks on the issue of the long campaign in the Levant, let us not forget to lay to heart some of its obvious lessons.

How, we are moved to ask, should we have fared if we had been in the position of the Greeks?

The efficient prosecution of war depends in the last resort on equipment *plus* numbers *plus* conviction—the last element including discipline, intelligence and national solidarity. Taking the question of *matériel* first, we are confronted with the appalling fact that nowhere in Great Britain, not even in the Baker Street Bazaar, is there a wooden horse capable of accommodating, I will not say a division of Infantry, but a battalion of Guards. How can we expect to win any war lacking so essential a desideratum? I will say no more on this point, but content myself with a poignant appeal to Sir John French, our only Cavalry leader, to insist on making good this deficiency at all costs and without delay.

Jomini remarks in one of his luminous aphorisms, "Armies, like policemen, move on their heels." Are the heels of our Territorial Army sound? The Dilke Return shows that the regulation Army boot leaves so much to be desired that it is impossible to answer this question with a confident affirmative.

Lastly, how far could we count on the spirit of the country to support and carry through a ten years' war? Here again no honest inquirer can find matter for optimism. The Prime Minister's article in the *Nation*, deploring the invention of gunpowder, is only too significant of the spread of anti-militarism. The outlook is black indeed. Only amongst our women is the true fighting spirit maintained, and Mrs. Fawcett's letter to the *Times* sheds a solitary ray of hope on the surrounding gloom. In the circumstances pessimism is not merely a luxury but a duty.

But whatever happens, I can pledge my word to the readers of the *Morning Post* never to abandon the conviction that in the absence of a civilian commander-in-chief—preferably the military expert of a great morning paper—it is impossible to expect any real improvement in the state of our unhappy Army.

AN ECHO OF THE TROJAN WAR

(From the *Daily News* of twelve hundred years later.)

WHY is it that poets are always such violent partisans? There is much in the recently published Odes of Horace that can be read with genuine pleasure. But what could be in worse taste than the gratuitous reference to Paris in the first stanza of the fifteenth Ode as "treacherous"? The reckless levity with which Horace goes out of his way to imperil the continuance of the *entente cordiale* is worthy of Mr. Rudyard Kipling at his worst.

Literary Gossip

THE enterprising editor of the *Wide World Magazine* has arranged with Ulysses, the famous navigator, to collaborate with Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin in a series of articles entitled "The Penelopers."

Now Ready

The Letters of Helen of Troy

Edited by
Arthur Christopher Benson
and The Prince of Monaco.

TO-DAY'S SUGGESTIONS

for Members of
**THE TIMES BOOK
CLUB.**

Paris

By *Emile Zola* (1898.)

A wonderfully realistic study of life in the great capital called after the unfortunate Phrygian nobleman.

Plain Directions on

Cooking

By *Alice Massingberd* (1907.)

Just the little book to implant in the mind of a young matron a love of those domestic pursuits the neglect of which brought ruin on the ménage of Menelaus.

The Thanatophidia of

India

By *Sir Joseph Fayrer*

After the recent disastrous experience of the Rev. Laocoon and his two sons, no clerical household can afford to dispense with this fascinating volume.

Sims Reeves: His Life and Recollections

By *Himself* (1888.)

All musicians interested in voice production will be glad to compare the method of the famous English tenor with that of Stentor, the illustrious Greek vocalist.

Father and Son

(November, 1907.)

A touching story of filial piety eclipsing that displayed by Æneas for Anchises.

Apollo and the Seaman

By *Herbert Trench* (Dec., 1907.)

This gloriously divine creation is the work of the poet *par excellence* of all time. In the momentous words of Mr. James Douglas, it is "a poem that cries the very cry which the mouth of man is striving to utter." Apart from this wonderful vocal exploit, the poem is chiefly concerned with Apollo, who, it will be remembered, was at once the William Tell and William Archer of the Trojan War.

The Life and Works of

Bacon

By *J. Spedding* (1874.)

The painful experiences of Ulysses and his companions when they fell into the hands of Circe lend a peculiarly timely value to these massive yet illuminating volumes.

WILL SHORTLY APPEAR.

A new Magazine of vital
and strenuous realism.

**"Duckworth's
Three - Weekly"**

EDITED BY

HELENA GLYN

Among early contributors will be—

VICTORIA CROSS

(England's Greatest Novelist)

HUBERT WALES

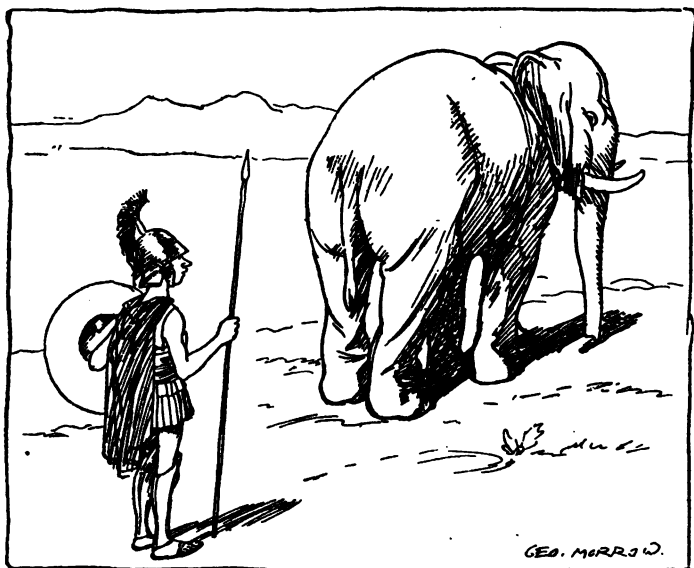
DOLF WYLLARDE

Buy it while you can.

The Bookman has its eye on it!

Episode IV

The Discovery of Trowsers



A Boon to Men

No More Cold Knees

ALEXANDER THE GREAT has found a new world to conquer after all—the world of mas-

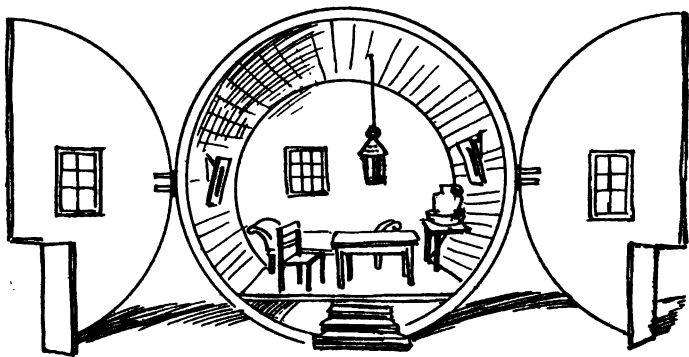
culine dress. News recently came from Macedon that during his recent campaign in India the illustrious Emperor chanced upon a discovery that promised to revolutionize male attire, and a representative of the *Tailor and Cutter*, who travelled to the Grecian capital to investigate the rumour, is now in a

position to confirm it. In an audience of his Majesty, graciously granted, the interviewer learned the story of the momentous discovery. It seems that the Conqueror had retired for a while from his suite and was pondering in an open space of the jungle on the great riddle of life and the littleness of man, when he was aware of the contiguity of an elephant, wild but friendly, with what he conceived to be its back towards him. As he looked he was struck by the negligence and ease with which this vast animal wears the skin on its legs, at once so loose and well fitting, so serviceable and unpretentious. Feeling at the same

moment a chilliness about his own knees, Alexander at once signalled for the Court tailor and bade him, to his enormous astonishment and reluctance, make him a garment on similar lines, and this the Emperor has been wearing ever since. The new garment is called facetiously "trowsers," from the Court tailor's humorous remonstrance when first instructed to study the elephant—"Well, I trow, sire!" which his Majesty repeats with infinite drollery.

Our representative adds that Alexander the Great recently improved the original idea, in the press of battle, and his best trowsers are now carefully creased.

TWOPENNY TUBS FOR CYNICS

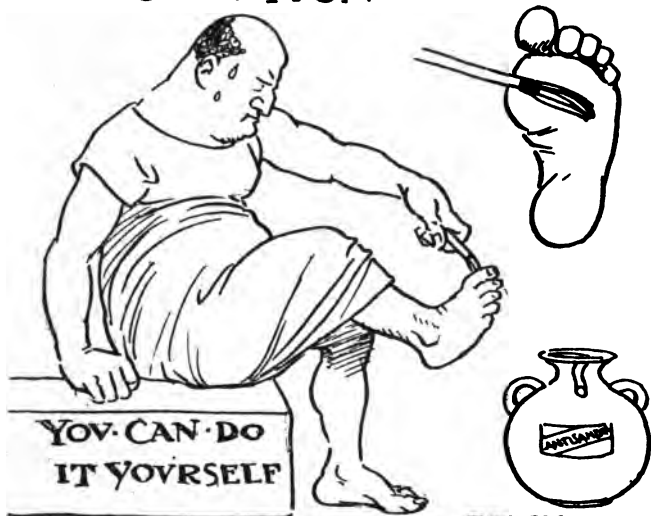


TESTIMONIAL

Diogenes writes: "suppose I must say that your tub is not bad. At any rate it has no beastly bathroom; but the roof obstructs the sunlight almost more than an Emperor. I expect to lead a fairish dog's life here. It is, however, far too dear."

Apply OVERBEARINGS, OXFORD STREET.

VSE ANTISANDAL SOLUTION



**WHY WEAR
SANDALS ?**

IN SEALED
AMPHORAE

PRICE
1 DOUBLE DRACHMA
PER AMPHORA

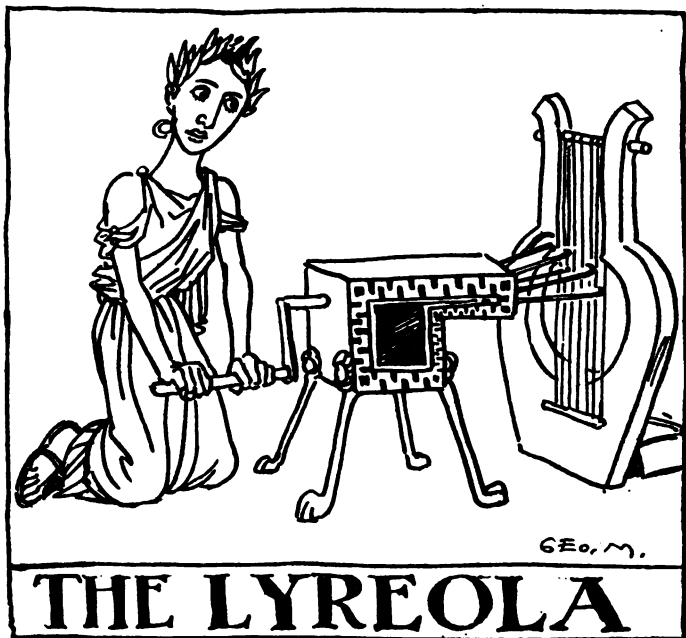
**YOVR FEET WILL LAST
TWICE AS LONG**

Music for All

NO MORE TIRED THUMBS !

NO MORE FALSE NOTES !

There is no need any more to go to the trouble of learning to strike the Lyre by hand. Our new mechanical Lyre-player does all.



TESTIMONIALS

Sappho writes:—"Your wonderful invention."

Mr. Robert Caldwell (the Affidavit King) writes:—"I give it best as a mechanical lyre."

New Records Daily. Price 1 drachma per week.

Episode V

The Retirement of Publius Cromerius Scipio

AN UNJUST STEWARD

(From the *Globus Roseus*,
November 21st. 185 B.C.)

WE should be the last to deny the services which Publius Cromerius Scipio has rendered the Republic in the field or the provinces, but his un-called-for incursion into the domain of home politics at the banquet of the Eleutheropsonaeum Club last night bids fair to tarnish his renown with an indelible stain. Publius Scipio's extraordinary declaration that it was the duty of Rome to consider the interests of the subject races is of a piece with his suicidal magnanimity in sparing the city of Carthage after the battle of Zama, while his statement that Rome was being demoralised by cheap newspapers sounded the death-knell of his political reputation. The plain fact

of the matter is that Publius Scipio has lived too long abroad to appreciate the changes that have taken place since he was a young subaltern in Spain. It is a far cry from the musty maxims of Ennius and Cato Major, which Publius Scipio quoted last night, to the soul-stimulating appeals of Leo Maximus, Garvinus Calchas, and our other illustrious leaders. There is no use in mincing matters. Publius Scipio by his deplorable speech last night proved that he has no conception either of Imperialism or patriotism. He has written himself down, we will not say an ass, but a peddling and parochial humanitarian. It is indeed pitiable that Publius Scipio should have fitted on to his highly creditable pro-consular career the anti-climax of an ill-considered plunge into party politics where he is fettered by all the drawbacks of the amateur who makes a beginning late in life.

A Well Deserved Snub

From M.A.P. (Magnus Adulator Populi).

A good story is told in the *Via Rapida*, which illustrates the sudden slump in popularity of poor Publius Cromerius Scipio. Last week a well-

known publicist called at the offices of the *Globus Roseus* and suggested to the editor that he should write an article on the early career of the once illustrious pro-consul. "What, Scipio?" thundered the eminent editor. "Great Jupiter! No. We've had far too much about him already, d——d Free Trader and Little Italiander."



SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES AT THE GREAT FREE FOOD BANQUET LAST NIGHT

The names (reading from left to right) are :—

(1) Balfurius Burleius ; (2) Georgius Hamilto (the Carthaginian Free Trader) ; (3) Publius Cromerius Scipio ; (4) Leonardus Darvinus ; (5) S. Laelius Strachius ; (6) Valentinus Cirolus ; (7) Robertus Cæcilius ; (8) Georgius Morrovius ; (9) Edvardus Verralinus Lucas ; (10) Carolus L. Gravius ; (11) (12) (13) (14) (15) and (16) Leo Maximus and bodyguard of National Reviewers disguised as waiters.

The Reward of Merit

From "Patricians and
Platitudes" in the
Globus Roseus.

THE bestowal of the Order of Merit on Castellanus Severus is a well-deserved honour which all admirers of that munificent plutocrat will hail with the utmost enthusiasm. A disquieting rumour that the vacancy in the Order would be filled up by the decoration of Publius Cromerius Scipio had gained wide currency, and relief as well as satisfaction will be caused by the official announcement.

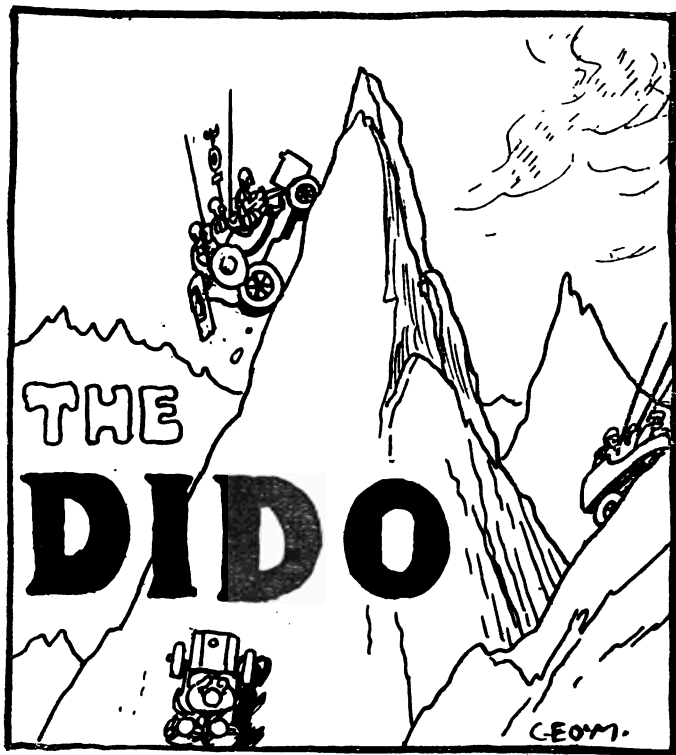
Leo and the Dead Lion

"Episodes of the Month,"
Recensio Nationalis.

IF Rome has the statesmen she deserves she is certainly in the black books of Jupiter.

The speech of Publius Scipio a fortnight ago conclusively proves that a fairly efficient pro-consul may be a most poisonous and pedantic politician. We admit that it was somewhat of a surprise to us to see him avow his adhesion to the Philo-Punic party, but after all, what can be expected of a Republic with a Consul whose name is Castrotin-tinnabulator Vexillarius? Beguiled by this polysyllabic impostor, this malarious Mandarin, Publius Scipio has now eternally blasted his already fly-blown reputation. His speech proclaims him a cold-blooded professor, at once provincial and cosmopolitan, obsessed with the idea that man was made for Free Trade. It is clear that the fatuous and fulsome panegyrics of the *Spectator* have completely turned his head. In a word, Publius has already become altogether too big for his boots and the sooner he is hurled neck and crop down the Tarpeian rock the better it will be for the safety, the honour, and the interests of Rome.

The Best Hill-Climbing Car



TESTIMONIALS

Hannibal writes: "Without the Dido I should never have crossed the Alps."

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu writes: "The Dido has fulfilled every test in climbing hills like a squirrel."

Sir Martin Conway writes: "We simply flew up Aconcagua."

ASK FOR THE DIDO CAR

SAFETY·PVMICE- STONE·FOR SHAVING.



GEO. M.

A CLEAN SHAVE



**Free from Grit.
Antiseptic.**

Requires no Stropping.

Testimonials

Julius Caesar writes: "Calpurnia gave me seven of your S.P.S.'s on our wedding day, and my chin has been above suspicion ever since."

Marcus Tullius Cicero writes: "I am very pleased to forward a statement with regard to the splendid effect of your Safety Pumice Stone. In a previous letter I told you what a hard case mine was, as I had lost every hair off my head. Now, thanks to your wonderful invention, my face is brought into perfect harmony with my cranium, and is as polished as my style."

"P.S.—I have enclosed a portrait, and you are at liberty to make what use you like of same."

THE COLONIES

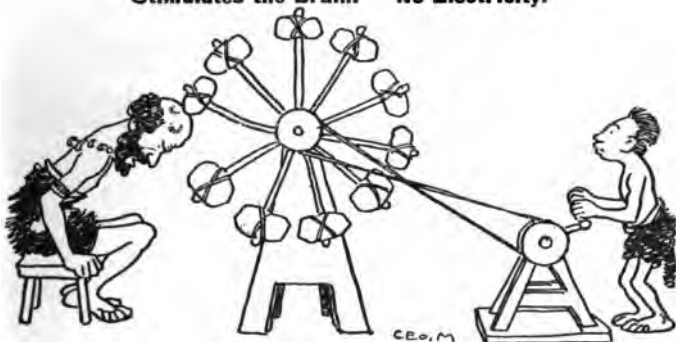
**Fast Galleys for Britain leave Ostia every week.
Free Farms for all, cleared of Picts and Scots.**



**Britain for work and play.
The Land of the midday fog.**

The Great Wheel Vibrator

**Takes away Headaches. Restores Circulation,
Stimulates the Brain. No Electricity.**

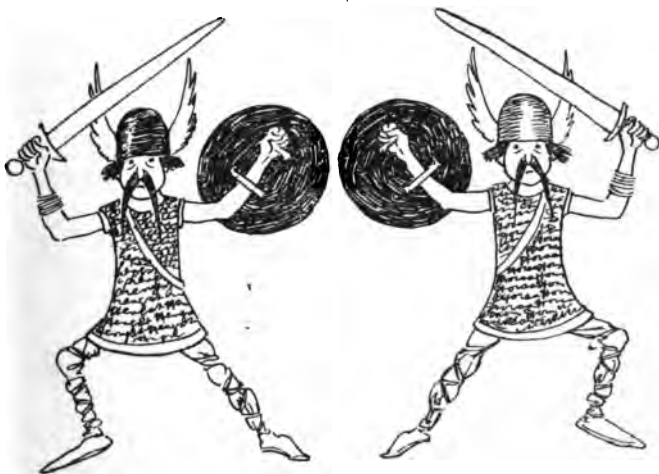


CHILDREN LOVE TO WORK IT

Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., writes: "It taught me brow-beating."

The Silchester Empire

**TWO PERFORMANCES NIGHTLY, at 6.45 and 9.15
THIS WEEK'S STAR TURN**



**HENGIST AND HORSA
PATTER COMEDIANS & KNOCKABOUTS**

"They are too immense." Vide Daily Press.

HAVE YOU A DEAF FRIEND ?
GIVE HIM THE
CARMELITE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

You cannot begin too young. You cannot read it too old.

Learn to read by spelling out our history.

Die with it in your hands. Have copies of it buried with you.

Never be without it.

THIS ENTRANCING AND INDISPENSABLE WORK IS ALWAYS UP-TO-DATE

Price **SEVENPENCE.** Worth more.

No. 5463 Just Out :—

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN

Each number costs 7d., or the price of Seven Cigars.



Episode VI

Rome Under Nero

Death of Agrippina

(From the *Acta Diurna*,
58 B.C.)

[OFFICIAL]

AGRIPPINA died suddenly yesterday. The Court will go into mourning for twenty-four hours.

There seems no reason to doubt the accuracy of this announcement, which will be hailed with universal relief throughout the length and breadth of the Empire. All hearts will go out in sympathy towards the Imperial orphan in his auspicious bereavement, and we feel sure that we are only voicing the sentiment of all loyal Romans when we express the pious hope that he will be enabled to endure his felicity with fortitude.

Now Ready

The Letters of Agrippina

Edited by
ARTURUS CACOETHES
BENIFILIUS and AULUS
ESURIUS.

With an elegiac ode by Nero.

First large edition completely exhausted. Second larger edition in a state of partial exhaustion.

Court and Society

MESSALINA'S was as usual crowded last night, and the *recherchés* triclinia in the Peacock Salon were packed with rank, fashion, and genius.

MESSALINA'S

LIMITED.

CAPITAL - 10,000,000 Sesterces

Rome's Taberna Maxima

Open from 9 p.m. to 9 a.m.

Patronized by the Senate, the Patricians, and all the
leading Gladiators.

**The Classic haunt of the Dimidium
Mundi**

Fountains of Falernian. Bronze Egyptian Band.
One Perpetual Panorama of Gay Cavaliers and Pretty Ladies.

THE entire civilised world will rejoice to hear that it is
now in a position to participate in the Pactolian profits
of this unique Rendezvous.

DIRECTORS

CACUS AMBULATOR
PYGMAEUS SANGUINOLENTUS
JOHANNES NOCTICIDA
MORMO MULTINUBUS
BERTIUS NOLO-REDIRE-DOMUM-
NISI-MATUTINUS

Will join the Board after allotment

ROMANOBARBARUS BIBERIUS SCOTICUS
JOHANNES URBIPICTOR RUFUS

N.B.—During the last month "Messalina's" has been
unanimously praised by all that is best in Roman
journalism. Nothing so spontaneous was ever known
before.

Publicus Biberius Mero had a brilliant little party of patricians all of whom wore what has now come to be known as the "Maximum" face (*O's Maximum*) — an expression which Sargentius has caught so admirably in his last portrait of Poppaea. Considerable resentment was caused during the evening by the sudden reappearance of a well-known pro-consul who was reported to have committed suicide last week in disgust at his huge loss of appetite. His unexpected resurrection caused the keenest dismay to his wife, who was supping at a neighbouring table. Owing, however, to the tactful intervention of the manager, nothing was spilled but a Jeroboam of Falernian.

Many well-known faces were entertaining at the Palatine last night. Amongst others I noticed Philippus Ardens Ionius.

At the Miles Gloriosus last night Bernardus Shavius entertained a select party of green-meaters, including Guilielmus Sagittarius, Arturus B. Ambulator, Granvillius Latrator, and Herbertus Puteolanus. The *pièce de résistance* on a menu which taxed the resources of the Milesian cuisine to the utmost was a purée of *fabae salientes*, with caper sauce, of which the

host ate immoderately, talking all the time.

Many well-worn profiles were riding in the Via Putrescens yesterday. Among the spectators we noticed Auricoma Pigmentaria with her pretty daughters, the others having been left behind. Caius Prudentius was there with his wife, while Cornelius Mormo, as usual, was dancing attendance on somebody else's.

Rambling Remarks

THE annual dinner of the Catacombs Club on Friday last was a great success. My old friend, Silvestrius Ornus, made a most genial chairman, but the hero of the evening was undoubtedly the veteran Pagina Saltator, who proposed the health of the guest of the evening, Clemens Breavor, in a speech of exceptional eloquence. The ventilation of the Catacombs Club still leaves something to be desired, but the cuisine has greatly improved, while the high moral tone and unaffected piety of the members—all of whom appeared in full evening dress—sets a lofty and much-needed example in this decadent and luxurious age.

HOMO CANTIUS.

Theatrical Gossip

CONSTERNATION reigns in dramatic circles over the refusal of the Censor to license Granvillius Latrator's new play, "Frugalitas." The objection raised by this wise official is to the dangerous and retrograde lessons of economy and temperance—if not actual asceticism—which the drama inculcates.

Immediately upon the news of the refusal of a license to Granvillius Latrator's "Frugalitas" comes tidings of a similar rebuff which has just been suffered by the author of a new romantic play entitled "Pius Æneas." This play our excellent and sagacious Censor—and very rightly, too, we think—objects to on the ground that the modern Roman stage is no place for the exhibition of displays of filial tenderness.

There is naturally a ferment among the friends of both the censured dramatists, for the pastime of making martyrs has ever been popular, and the plays, we hear, are to be performed in private.

But enough of this tiresome matter. More to the point is it to think of the continued success, artistic as well as financial, of those delightful works, "Cuculus" and "Matricida" at the Loyalty. Both are nearing their second hundredth night.

THE COLISEUM

Under the Management of
JOSEPHUS LEONIDAS

A fresh batch of Christians, guaranteed by Claudius Clerus, have been imported from the Highlands of Syria. These will be the prey of a magnificent troupe of scientifically starved

FOREST BRED LIONS

at the Grand Gala performance on Sunday afternoon next.

N.B. — Lions' teeth filed before the performance by the Emperor's own dentist.

Marcellinus ;
The Famous Dumb
Grotesque.

Ringmaster :
Otho Virgatus.

The Burning of Rome

How it Began

[From the *Orbis Terrarum*
of July 20th, 64.]

THE great fire of Rome, which is still raging while I write, must unhesitatingly be pronounced the most brilliant and satisfying spectacle ever provided for the populace by our Imperial *impresario*. It is true that there has been some considerable loss of life in the cheaply-built tenement

houses in the poorer quarters of the city, but in comparison with the results achieved the cost has been quite negligible. The idea of having a fire as a means of educating the defective aesthetic sense of the masses emanated solely from the brain of the Emperor. It was at Poppaea's garden-party that it occurred to him, and it must never be forgotten that the distinguished honour of being chosen as the human torch to inaugurate the conflagration fell to the lot of Claudius Clerus, in this as in all else the most successful Christian of our generation.



SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES AT THE BURNING OF ROME

The names (reading from left to right) are :—

- (1) Johannes Noctida ; (2) Mormo Multinubus ; (3) Pygmaeus Sanguinolentus ; (4) Gilbertus Paradisiacus ; (5) Gustavus Grillorumius ; (6) Aluredus Tetrapteryx Masonius ; (7) Jugginius Jubilans ; (8) Johannes Corculus Magister ; (9) Mormo Rossalinus.

Musical Gossip

THE Emperor, as is now generally known, occupied himself during the recent conflagration in the performance of a series of violin solos, and those who were privileged to hear him say that never before were the executive powers of the Imperial *virtuoso* more richly displayed. One interesting result has been a respectful request that his Majesty would perform at the Queen's Hall so that his affectionate subjects might have an opportunity of hearing him at, so to speak, the top of his form—a favour which, we understand, he would grant but for one drawback—namely, that he feels, not unnaturally after such an artistic success, that he must have the inspiration of fire. Steps are accordingly now in progress to ensure a serious outbreak in the neighbourhood of the Queen's Hall on the day in question. Every lover of music must hope that no hitch will occur. The only difficulty at present is the reluctance of certain unpatriotic landlords, the last of whom, however, is under orders to open his veins by to-morrow noon.

Nero as Executant

By Mischa Elman

It is a remarkable fact and one which constitutes a powerful argument in favour of the monarchical system, that there has never been a bad Royal violinist, at least there is no journalistic evidence extant to that effect. This being so, I can well believe that Nero, if not exactly on the plane of Paganini, Joachim, or Sarasate, was at least a fine performer of the old school. He certainly played with fire and brought down many houses, while in the care which he bestowed on the arrangement of his *chevelure* he yielded to no other *virtuoso* of the violin. Again he always commanded attention and was listened to in perfect silence. Taking all these circumstances into account, I have no compunction in affirming that Nero was the most conspicuous fiddler of his time.

If he had devoted himself entirely to the instrument, instead of paying a divided allegiance to art and politics, I believe that he might have become a formidable rival to Vecsey and Vivien Chartres.

The First Fountain Pen

TRYNOTTO

**EMPTIES ITSELF
AUTOMATICALLY
IN FIVE SECONDS**

**Excellent for Primrose
League Meetings, Garden
Parties, &c.**

**May be used as a
Daylight Firework.**

**If filled with best black
ink renders all white
dogs in the neighbour-
hood Dalmatians.**

Mr. A. C. Benson writes :
" I use nothing else."

AT ALL RESERVOIRS



OUR TUSCULUM COMPETITION

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's "Tusculum." We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a draft for six sesterces, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Hebdomadalia Responsa*, Via Flaminia, Roma.

 Mark your envelope "Vacca" in the top left-hand corner.

All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, November 5th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a draft for the sesterces with it. The draft should be crossed "& Co." All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) one-half will be divided amongst the senders of the ten lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, a tenth part of this one-half will be divided amongst all such senders.

The remaining one-half will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by Johannes Corculus, Robertus Sievierus, and T. Labrivicus, who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

Erat senex olim qui dixit ;
" Haec vacca me multum affixit.
In porta insidens
Perpetuo ridens,

”

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Hebdomadalia Responsa," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name

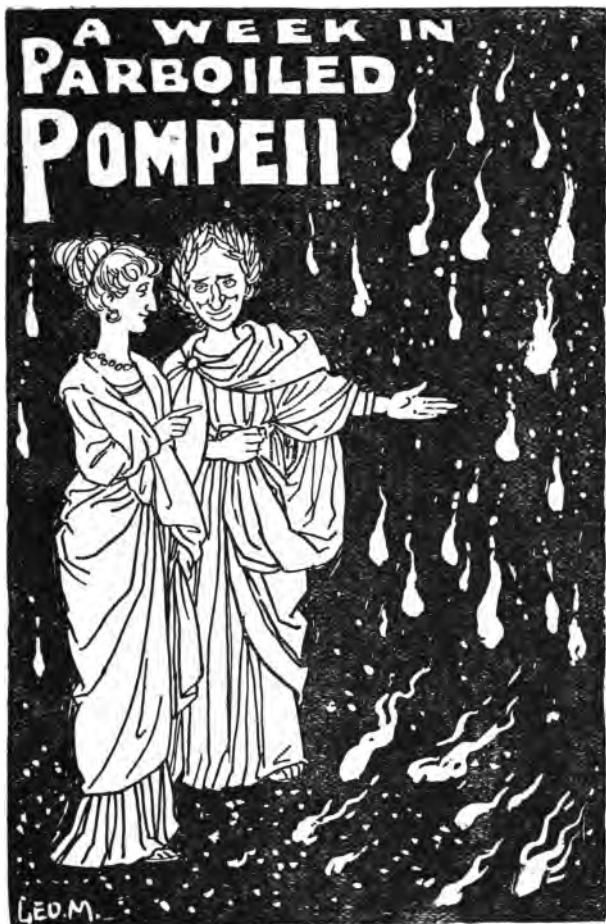
Address

.....

.....

Coquus's Tours for the Holidays

WHERE TO GO!



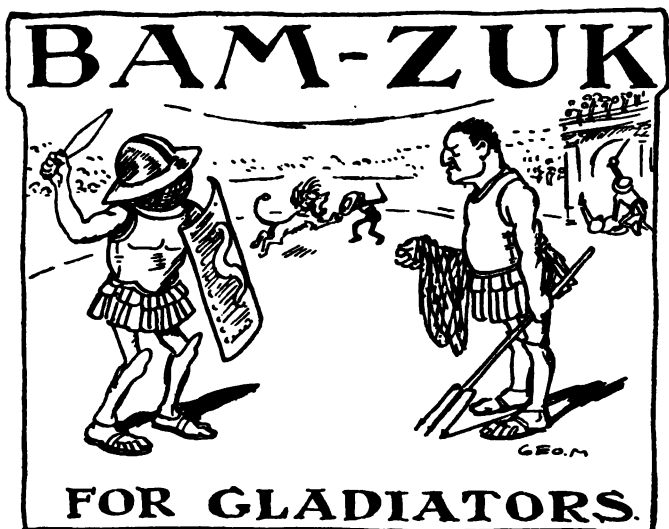
For 1 Sestertium you may spend a week in parboiled Pompeii.
For 1½ Sestertia you may spend a fortnight in Happy Heated Herculaneum.

Apply to Coquus et Filius, Ludiporta Circus.

The Best Ointment

Makes Mortal Wounds Immortal

Removes Stiffness after Decapitation



TESTIMONIALS

Sir Pieter Bam writes : "I owe my Knighthood entirely to the use of your incomparable unguent. Thanks to it, I am known in the hunting field as the Nardy horseman."

Mr. Bram Stoker writes : "The effect of your compound on my literary style is so wonderful that I am seriously thinking of changing my name to Bam Stroker."

Sir Bamford Slack writes from the Climbers' Club : "If I ever return to Parliament, it will be as Member for the St. Albam's Division and no other."

Episode VII

The Norman Conquest

[From the *Daily Telegraph*,
Sept. 28th, 1066.]

Mansion House Optimism

Sir John Fisher's Cheering Assurance Invasion Impossible

SPEAKING at the Guildhall banquet last night in tones which made the electroliers ring again, Sir John Fisher declared that in spite of the chatter of critics and croakers, the British Navy was stronger than it ever had been. This talk of invasion was the greatest bunkum. In the first place he did not believe in the existence of the Norman Fleet. In the second, even if it did materialise, the Nucleus Cruiser Squadron alone could blow the whole lot out of the water in two twos. (Wild cheering.) In conclusion, Sir John Fisher, raising his voice to its highest pitch, bellowed

out the following impressive peroration :—

“ Sleep sound in your beds
And, clear weather or
murky,
Trust the Navy's best
heads,
Good old Jacky and
Perky.”

[From the *Daily News*, Sept.
28th, 1066.]

Naval Notes

AN eloquent appreciation of Sir John Fisher by Mr. Arnold White appears in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century and Before*. By a closely-reasoned argument Mr. White conclusively shows that if Nelson had been handicapped by a “ Syndicate of Discontent ” he would infallibly have lost not only his other arm, but the Battle of Trafalgar as well.

The wise and courageous decision of the Admiralty to “ cut a loss ” and relegate the “ Dreadnought ” to the scrap-heap has given universal satisfaction outside a small and negligible *coterie* of discredited reactionaries. It is enough to say that the “ Dreadnought ”

FISHER'S SEDATIVE SYRUP

A priceless soporific for the
wakeful English

Will cause all who take it to
sleep at any time or
anywhere.

As used at the Admiralty

No bottle genuine unless it
bears the words
**SLEEP SOUNDLY IN YOUR
BEDS**

in Sir John Fisher's autograph.

Testimonials

The naval expert of the
Daily Chronicle writes: "I
cannot too heartily recom-
mend the Fisher Sedative."

The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour
writes: "I am greatly addicted
to this narcotic. Mixed with
blue water it is an excellent
strong drink."

TO-DAY'S SUGGESTIONS

for Members of
**THE TIMES BOOK
CLUB**

"Childe Harold"

By *Lord Byron* (1812)

All loyal citizens should hasten to
purchase nice clean copies of this
fascinating record of the early
years of our beloved monarch.

The Preservation of Niagara Falls

By *Sir Henry Norman, M.P.* (1882)

The author's name is a sufficient
guarantee of the intense topical
interest of this brilliantly written
work.

"Waltz me around again, Willie"

Nice clean copies of this
entrancing song, dedicated to
the Duke of Normandy, and
published at 2s., may now be
secured by subscribers at the
special and sacrificial price of
2d.

"The Invasion of 1910"

By *William Le Queux* (1906)

The menace of invasion, so in-
sistently dwelt upon in alarmist
circles, renders this wonderfully
realistic romance peculiarly ap-
petising at the present juncture.

"The Compleat Angler"

By *Isaak Walton* (1653)

Admirers of that illustrious sailor,
Sir John Fisher, will find an
illuminating commentary on his
career in this immortal work.
Special attention may be drawn
to the chapter giving instructions
as to the creation and maintenance
of Fish-ponds.

was launched nearly eighteen months ago, and has long been superseded by battleships of the new nucleoid type, which are operated entirely by telepathy, thus enabling the entire crew to remain permanently on shore in naval barracks.

Work at the new naval base at Rosyth is being rapidly pushed on, and there is a reasonable prospect, unless the Admiralty decides to abandon the project, that the docks will be completed early in the next century. In view of the pacific declarations of the Norman delegates at the Hague Conference this activity may seem uncalled for. But the great distance of Rosyth from the Norman coast is in itself a complete guarantee of our perfect confidence in the friendliness of our neighbours. Duke William, it may be noted, has announced his intention of paying an informal visit to our shores in October, and has rented the shooting at Battle Abbey, where he proposes to undergo a rest cure.

The nomenclature of our battleships has long since been disfigured by its aggressive tone. We are, therefore, rejoiced to learn that in the case of our four new cruisers a new and wholesome departure will be taken, the names chosen being the "Amiable," the "Hospitable," the "Conciliation," and the "Placable."

STOP PRESS NEWS

ENGLAND

v.

NORMANDY.

Normandy won by innings
and 1066 runs.
Harold out.

Vive le Roi !

[From the *Daily Mail*,
Oct. 15th, 1066.]

It is in no spirit of perfunctory adulation but with heartfelt loyalty that we tender our congratulations to King William. We do not war with the dead, but only the most elastic interpretation of the maxim *de mortuis* can shield the late sovereign from scathing condemnation. A monarch who assumes active command and allows himself to be shot in the eye is clearly ignorant of the very rudiments of the art of taking cover. It is the business of Kings to be successful, and subjects have their rights as well as their duties. We will only add that confidence in the new *régime* has been immensely strengthened by the announcement that Sir John Fitz-Fisher and Sir Perky Fitz-Scott will join the new Admiralty Board.

'Court and Society

THE tragically sudden death of King Harold will place many of the best people in mourning, as the deceased sovereign was connected by marriage or family ties with so many great houses. The unfortunate delay in the finding and identification of his body has caused considerable embarrassment to the family owing to the difficulty of fixing a date for the Royal obsequies. Search parties, however, are scouring Battle and its vicinity, led by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. R. D. Yelverton, and Inspector Froest.

"Here Comes the Bogey-man!"

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE
"PALL MALL GAZETTE."]

SIR,

May I ask you to exert all your influence to encourage and accelerate the search parties who are now searching the plains of Senlac for the body of our late monarch? It is impossible for me to eat or sleep until the Royal corpse is found. I have a bad enough time between the death of an eminent person

and his interment, never really feeling myself until he has a grave that I can visit and study; but it is terrible to await not merely the obsequies but the actual identification of Harold's remains.

Yours as always,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

THE OFFICE WINDOW

"Daily Chronicle" Office,

SATURDAY MORNING.

THE story of Duke William's fall on the beach at Hastings by no means stands alone in the records of conquest, although the ready wit with which he turned what looked curiously like a bad omen into a good one is unique—at any rate in this writer's experience. History records that Alexander's horse Bucephalus, stumbled as he entered the battle plain of Arbela, throwing his rider heavily but fortunately not heavily enough to turn the tide of victory away from the Macedonians; while Leonidas, as every schoolboy knows (although, to be frank, it was new to this writer on reaching Oriel College), tripped and fell at Thermopylae.

The success of the Norman Duke lends new point to George Meredith's pregnant phrase, "One of our Conquerors," and is yet one more instance of the long and searching sight of the seer of Box Hill. The Duke, it is pleasant to know, brings with him that fine example of the bishop militant, his brother Odo, one of the stalwarts of Mother Church.

Whatever our feelings may be with regard to what Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has so finely called, "the imprint of the oppressor's hoof" (a simile that comes with peculiar appropriateness from one who has seen so many Arab steeds stampeding over the sandy desert), we cannot but be delighted to know that our new rulers cherish the true faith with such burning zeal.

Men and Affairs

THE newly-named Fitz (formerly the Saxon) Restaurant was crammed last night with a brilliant gathering. Not a table was to be had, and the supply of Soles Normandes was quite inadequate to the needs of the guests. By a curious coincidence a waiter who strikingly resembled the last of the Saxon kings,

received a plate of arrowroot full in the eye, and has not been seen since. Amongst those present were Sir Isidore Fitz-Wertheimer, Lord Fitz-Esher, Sir John Fitz-Fisher, Sir Edgar Fitz-Speyer, Sir Edward Fitz-Moss, Sir Emil Fitz-Fuchs, Sir Hubert Fitz-Herkomer, Sir George Fitz-Lewis, and Sir Carl Fitz-Meyer.

HIGH SPIRITS AT HASTINGS

GREAT satisfaction is expressed in Hastings at the decision of King William, in spite of Professor Freeman's able letter in the *Times*, to associate the name of that rising watering-place with his great victory. It is generally felt that to have called this epoch-making conflict the Battle of Senlac would have done no good to anybody, whereas the plans for three new large hotels, two piers, and a casino, have already been passed by the Hastings Urban Council.

By the Way

TO-DAY'S Great Thought.—The Buoy at the Nore is getting such a big buoy now that to keep in the fashion he will have to be called the Nore-Man.

CONKO

NOSE MACHINE



CRUDE SAXON
NOSE



"CONKO" AT WORK



THE NORMAN
NOSE

COUNSEL TO THE CONQUERED

It is a hard thing to be beaten, and to see the enemy in possession of one's land; but once the evil is done it is surely the duty of a wise man to accept his fate, and save what he can from the *atrocité*? Sensitive men, however, do not care to be subjected (very unfairly, *blow entendu*) to the charge of desertion, as they are liable to be if they are recognised as representatives of the worsted race. It is to meet their case that we have invented and put upon the market a device for Normandising (so to speak) the Anglo-Saxon. Conko can be worn at all times, as it looks like a mutton.

TESTIMONIALS

The Sieur Henri Norman (*né* Smith) writes: "My nose is quite comfortable now, and so successful that the other day His Majesty borrowed five nobles from me on the strength of our old acquaintance in Rouen."
 The Sieur Hugolet FitzMaurice (*né* Crockett) writes: "My nose is almost too Norman. I have had to give up playing the flagolet."
 The Sieur Hilaire de Belloc (*né* Begbie) writes: "Your nose-machine has done wonders for me. I now kill a churl every morning after matins."

Sargent Speaks Out at Last

Fashionable Painter says Boston Must Wait for Jerusalem

ASKED by an interviewer what progress he was making with his decorations for the Boston Library, Mr. Sargent, R.A., who was caught yesterday in a slightly less uncommunicative mood than usual, intimated that Boston would have to wait, as his hands promised to be full for many years to come, he having accepted a Royal command to paint the portraits of every member of King William's conquering force. He was at the present engaged upon that of the Sieur Ascher Fitz-Wertheimer and his priceless French poodle.

Prince Rufus Day by Day

LITTLE Prince Rufus becomes every day a more attractive and popular figure, and his beautiful auburn curls are now a regular feature of Kensington Gardens. It is a charming sight to see him with the Royal nurse, sometimes in front of her, sometimes beside her, and sometimes behind her. The little fellow is full of fun and notices everything, and few

grown Englishmen speak French so well.

When not playing or eating, he sleeps. His mock salutes to the soldiers keep the Army in perfect fits.

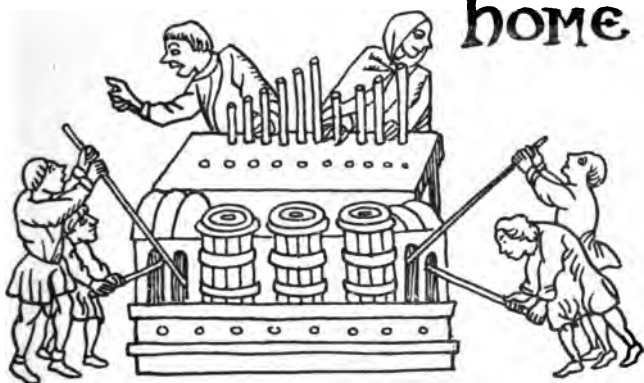
The Princeling has already much of his august father's tact and wit. Asked yesterday to say which was his favourite, the Queen or the King, he replied, "Tous les deux." (Both.) Needless to say, his Royal parents laughed heartily.

Literary Gossip

THE winter publishing season of 1066 bids fair to be of more than common activity. A peculiarly pathetic interest attaches to "Personal Recollections of Edith of the Swan Neck," by Silas K. Hocking, while Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson and Lord Suffield have edited "The Letters of King Harold" in three large volumes. Mr. Begbie's new book has the attractive title "Why my Namesake Failed" and Mr. William Le Queux's forthcoming romance is, as everyone feared it would be called "The King's Eye."

An interesting example of thoroughly up-to-date journalism is to be found in the announcement that, on and after Jan. 1, 1067, the title of *The Bookman* is to be altered, in acknowledgment of the great survey ordered by our Sovereign, to *The Doomsday Bookman*.

KEEP your BOYS AT home



THE ORGAN should be
IN EVERY HOME where the
CHILDREN ARE GROWING UP.

They will GAIN STRENGTH AND REFINEMENT AT THE SAME TIME, while you AND YOUR WIFE PLAY THE GRAND OLD GREGORIAN MASTERPIECES.

Testimonials

Mother of Eight Sons writes: "Your three-cylinder organ is not large enough for our purposes. Please make me a six-cylinder one with 8 blowers, and then I can keep an eye on the whole family."

Paterfamilias writes: "It is a capital notion, far better than billiards. My sons adore it. 'O, blow the organ,' I heard one of them saying yesterday in a kind of frenzied rapture of excitement."

THE CRUSADER'S CADDIE-BAG



No Crusader's kit is complete without the Crusader's Caddie-bag, with patent Battle-axe cleek and Jerusalem Artichoke ball for the Holey Land.

TESTIMONIALS

Sieur Arnaud de Massy writes: "My last round at Fontarabia reads as follows—7s strokes, 68 infidels—thanks to your Battle-axe cleek."

Other testimonials from Sieur Jehan de Balle, Sieur Jacques Brayde, and Sieur Henri de Jersey.

You cannot expect to do brilliant deeds without using

GLINTO



Our Managing Director after a Shine.

When you feel rusty try Glinto

Glinto gives a bright appearance to a battlefield and dazzles the enemy

Use Glinto and Win

TESTIMONIALS

Richard Cœur de Lion writes from Acre:—"We did not have to strike a single blow. We just h-liographed victory."

Edward the Black Prince:—"I was so deadly with your polish on, that, in the interests of humanity, I have had myself blackened all over."

THE MEDIEVAL ELLIMAN

Have you a friend at the Crusades?
If so, and you want to send him a
Christmas present, let it be a box of

PALADIN UNGUENT



A pain in the side after working.

Price: A Silver Penny

Worth a Rose Noble a box

TESTIMONIALS

By special warrant Blondel (jongleur to His Majesty Richard I.) writes: "Your Paladin Unguent is immense. I bruised my arm the other day by falling off the tight-rope, but cured the place at once with three boxes."

Little John, writing from Sherwood, says that every member of Robin Hood's troupe carries a box of Paladin Unguent for broken "sconces."

Peter the Hermit, the well-known revivalist, writes: "Now that I am fortified by a constant supply of the Paladin Unguent I find the Infidels' blows no longer terrible. Yesterday I downed both Zbysco and Padoubny in a single combat and feel ready for Madrali to-morrow."

Episode VIII

The Burning of Joan of Arc

The New Heroine

[From the *Daily Mail*,
May 7th, 1429.]

THE brilliant achievement of Mlle. Jeanne D'Arc, now generally known as the Maid of Orleans, is one of the most remarkable instances of female heroism in modern times. From the interesting despatch which our own correspondent with Earl Talbot sends this morning it is clear that she is a young lady of a dainty and winsome personality. The sympathetic thrill which her exploit has aroused in all chivalrous British hearts will do more to promote an *entente cordiale* with our hereditary foes than anything which has happened since the issue of the continental edition of the *Daily Mail*. We frankly own that her assumption of the masculine garb is calculated to wound the fastidious minds of our readers; but great causes call for strong measures.

THE MOST POPULAR WOMAN IN EUROPE

[From the *Daily Mail*,
July 5th, 1429.]

WE have sincere pleasure in announcing that the First Prize of £50 for the most popular woman in Europe, to be decided by a *plébiscite* of our subscribers, has been awarded by a plurality of nearly 15,000 votes to the intrepid Maid.

Strange Story from Rouen Press Enterprise Defeated

[From the *Daily Chronicle*,
March 9th, 1432.]

A STRANGE story reaches us from Rouen to the effect that an offer was conveyed to Joan of Arc in prison from a well-known London paper to effect

her rescue on condition that (1) she would write her reminiscences for exclusive publication in the paper in question, (2) she would consent to take the leading part in a new musical comedy, "What happened to Joan," which the proprietors of the paper are financing. Joan of Arc refused both offers unconditionally, and, as is well known, has since been attacked in the columns of the paper in question with unmitigated ferocity.

In Romantic Rouen

By

Mrs. Alec Tweedle

THE sad events now transpiring in Rouen recall to my mind many happy days spent in that ancient and picturesque Norman city. As a child I was taken there by a kindly relative and was taught French by a charming Norman *bonne*, full of strange traditional lore of the countryside and humorous and wise sayings of her own. I seem to see her now in her white cap and apron, with her shrewd wrinkled face and busy, capable hands. "Venez ici, chérie," she would say, in her droll, idiomatic, racy way, or "Venez ici, ma belle Anglaise."

It was some years later when I visited Rouen again in a party doing Normandy

very thoroughly. We had been to Caen and to Bayeux, and had stood long and reverently before the wonderful tapestries which tell us so vividly and with such minute and intimate touches of the great Conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, afterwards called the Conqueror. . . .

[*Cætera desunt.**]

Round the Town

By The Dwarf of Blood

THERE is a good deal of talk about Rouen just now, owing to the escapades of the Orleans flapper; but for my part it is a city whose interest begins and ends with its ducks, which reminds me that I had an excellent *caneton à la presse* at Minim's last weekend on a flying visit to Paris. Minim's, by the way, is going stronger than ever, the place at night being one solid mass of gay cavaliers and pretty ladies. I am told that noble shares are already at five nobles, which is good news to those of us who were fortunate enough to get in on the ground floor.

By the Way

THE Maid of Orleans has recanted. Who said pucelle-animity?

* Lots more of this, but we cut it here.

The Burning of the Maid

By Bart Kennedy

[HAVING been at considerable expense in sending Mr. Kennedy to Rouen to act as our special correspondent, we naturally are reluctant to suppress his communication, and therefore, on the principle of giving all sides a hearing, we print it; but we cannot refrain from the opinion that he has bit the hand that fed him—and will feed him no more.—ED. *Daily Mail*.]

The market square of Rouen.

Thousands of people. Princes and peasants and soldiers.

In the centre a pile of—what? Faggots.

In the centre of the faggots—what? A stake.

Tied to the stake—what? A woman. O my brothers, a woman. A living, breathing woman, young, beautiful, brave, the saviour of her country, a seer of visions, a hearer of voices. In one word, Joan of Arc.

Fire!

Is there a more terrible thing in the world than fire? How it rages, screams, fights, blusters, yells, writhes, struggles.



SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES AT THE EXECUTION OF
JOAN OF ARC.

The names (reading from left to right) are :

(1) Mr. Wigglesworth D'Arcis; (2) Mr. Plowden; (3) Mr. Justice Darling; (4) Mr. C. T. Brock; (5) Mr. George Edwardes; (6) Mr. Charles Frohman; (7) Mr. W. T. Stead; (8) Sir Philip Burn-Joans, Bart.

Yes, there is a more terrible thing in the world than fire. Human vengeance and ingratitude.

That is the most terrible thing of all—the black ingratitude of man towards his protectors, the eagerness with which his ears open to slander and obscene hints, his readiness to be revenged.

That is the worst thing in the world, and the great square of Rouen is full of it.

Happy Joan to be leaving such a world!

Great heart, farewell!

BART KENNEDY.

AN EXEMPLARY EXECUTION

[From the *Daily Mail*,
June 4th, 1431.]

WE do not wish to wage war on the dead, but candour forbids us to express the slightest regret for the awful fate which has befallen the notorious and misguided Maid of Orleans. Public characters have their duties as well as their privileges, and the gross discourtesy which she showed to the British press, her utter inability to keep in touch with the best spirit of her age, and her gross superstition combined to precipitate her downfall. The procedure adopted at her trial may possibly surprise those accustomed to the less sensational methods of our

British courts, but no sane person can cavil at the result. We own that there was a brief moment in which we hoped for better things from Mlle. Darc, but our hopes were soon dispelled and recent events have proved her to be no better than a shrieking suffragette. One plea, however, may be fairly urged on her behalf. The poor creature could neither read or write, and was thus denied the enlightenment and solace furnished to millions of her sisters by our continental and overseas editions.

THE ROMANCE OF THE MAID

WHEN IT WAS DARC

By
GUY THORNE

READY IMMEDIATELY.
In 10 volumes.

THE LETTERS OF JOAN OF ARC

Edited by
A. C. BENSON and
LORD HALIFAX

Episode IX

The Discovery of America

STRANGE OCCURRENCE AT MADRID ROYAL DINNER PARTY UPSET

CONJUROR CAPTIVATES KING AND QUEEN

THE Paris correspondent of the *Express* tells a strange tale this morning of a recent *émeute* in the Royal palace at Madrid. It seems that owing to the charming if somewhat perilous condescension of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella an uncouth explorer was invited to dinner. No sooner was the party seated than he laid an egg on the table. This in itself is a sufficiently rare occurrence at a Royal banquet, but judge of the consternation of the company when he proceeded to make the oval deposit stand upon its end.

No one who has tried to do this will need to be told how extraordinarily difficult it is. This, however, is not all, for before the end of the meal the conjuror had so cleverly exerted his blandishments that he left the Royal presence with a commission to discover America.

With Cap and Bells

By Chicot the Jester

(From *The Sketch*)

HERE I am again, friend the reader, fresh as paint on a little actress's cheek (O the darling!), and alert as ever to make you roar with laughter as becomes the *soi-disant* jester. "The gods give us a guid conceit of ourselves," my poor old Grannie used to say, friend the reader, and I have never forgotten it. In return I taught her to suck eggs, which reminds me that I hear nothing nowadays in

clubs, green rooms, boudoirs, and editorial offices but talk of Christopher Columbus's great egg trick at Madrid the other day. Ever since I read about it, friend the reader, I have been trying to make eggs stand on end, but all in vain. If you hard-boil them first and then flatten the end a little it is of course easy, but that, I take it, was not Chris's way.

The name of the Spanish Queen reminds me, friend the reader, that the name of my first sweetheart was Bella. In a moment of happy carelessness I might be led to define her as a little lump of sunshine. I was seven years old when I fell in love with her, and she was six: that was years before I went to a boys' school and cried because I was forced to play cricket and football. I loved her for her composure of manner, her invariable neatness, and her ringlets. These ringlets were, I now see, artificial; at the time, friend the reader, I thought them a special mark of favour from the gods. It was my hope, friend the reader, to become a clergyman, and Bella said it was the ambition of her life to be a clergyman's wife. I said she would make an ideal one, and then I married her, sacredly, if irregularly, beneath a wild pear tree. We spent the honeymoon picking

blackberries, and I was put to bed at six o'clock without any supper for tearing my pinafore. How you laugh!

What a difference, friend the reader, between the lot that we dream for ourselves and the lot that falls to us! Have you, who are not a jester, noticed it? Here was I desiring to be a clergyman, and instead I am the most vivacious dramatic critic, a popular novelist, and by my journalism I set thousands of my fellow creatures roaring with laughter every week. But wit will out; nothing can stop it. I shall jest to the end; I know it.

I find that I have been led, quite by chance, friend the reader, to become autobiographical. What a fascination there is in passing, once again, through the little adventures of one's own career! And how odd it is that we have so few autobiographies. I suppose most men postpone and postpone the writing of their autobiographies until they have neither the inclination nor the energy to tackle the task. I shall never make that mistake. I write mine all the time. It is the prerogative of persons of joyous personality. What do ye lack? Is it jokes? Here am I. Is it quips and cranks? Here am I. How your ribs must ache, friend the reader!

NO MORE HAIR

The Columbus Eggstract of Balditude

As used by the famous Author of BUNKUM and other Works

These two early portraits of Mr. Frank Richardson, the great
novelist and hair censor, tell their own story



MASTER FRANK RICHARDSON

As the lion-faced boy from birth
to the age of 12.



MASTER FRANK RICHARDSON

After three bottles of the Columbus
Eggstract.

Other Testimonials from Pioneers of the Hairless World.

The Columbus Eggstract of Balditude

Renders the Scalp beautifully white and shiny

It renders the Stalls of a Theatre as Brilliant as a Tiara.

Things Seen at Sea

By See Lewis Hind

PRIDE! I have felt pride in my day, but never such pride as when that bluff and hearty sea-dog, Christopher Columbus, asked me to accompany him on his first voyage to America. To ask me, who had never been on a ship before! It was incredible; but, like so many things that are incredible, it was true.

II

THE START

There was sorrow as well as excitement when the bugle blew the last "Washington Post"; tears and the kisses that cling, sobs and intertwined fingers; then the wrench, the cries of farewell, the churn of the water. Majestically the *Santa Maria* glided from Vigo on her two-hundred days' pound to New York.

The fluttering handkerchiefs grew dimmer and were lost to sight. The shores receded. The vessel began to move up and down. I went below. . . . Already the eerie feeling of the prison house, of the impossibility of escape, was creeping over me. I envied the white birds that followed in the ship's kittiwake: they at least were not on board. The worst picture gallery were better than this.

III

IN MID-OCEAN

We are sixty days out. The sides of the ship are very wet. The sun splashes the ocean with ever-shifting light. Its spots are sometimes distinctly visible to the naked eye. The groaning and creaking of the ship never ceases, and sometimes it is so insistently clamorous that one wonders how she can bear the intolerable strain. We eat, dance, smoke, drink and play bridge incessantly, and all the while the vessel ploughs forward with one idea—to reach her journey's end. Our safety depends on the skill and vigilance of our captain and his crew, but we have no fears. Trust, as in the commercial world, has become a habit. The Marquis de Soveral is here, there, and everywhere, quicksilver incarnate, cheering us with quip and crank. Peals of hysterical laughter announce his advent. . . . Sometimes I ascend to the upper deck and peer down into the engine-room. It is a Spanish donkey-engine, such as Sancho Panza might have driven, and fills me with shuddering horror. I wonder what the eyes of heaven, the stars in their eternal composure, think of man's latest victory. I wonder, but there is no answer. That delights me. I detest answers. I batten on the vague.

IV

AN ADVENTURE

This morning we had a weird experience. Moving warily along at quarter-speed in a dense fog we suddenly heard a loud shout of "Ship ahoy!" and out of the murk there loomed another vessel. It was a narrow shave, but in a twinkling the stranger hove to and bore up alongside. Our captain was in terror lest it should be the barque of a rival discoverer of America. But no, it is impossible that two men should be willing to do so rash, so undesirable a thing. It was merely an honest fisherman.

V

APPROACHING AMERICA

Will land never come in

sight? Upon the map it seems close, but the longing eyes of the impressionist scribe meet only the eternal waste of water. Even our staunch skipper is moved from his stoical calm, and de Soveral's sallies grow like angel's visits. Yesterday, I saw a Mother Carey's chicken for the first time, and to-day I beheld an iceberg on the weather beam starkly silhouetted against the sapphire welkin.

VI

O.K.

"Land ahoy!" At last! Here come the Custom House officers. "Is this America?" asks Columbus of the first to board the ship. "You bet." Ah!



SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES AT THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

The names (reading from left to right) are :—

(1) Mr. Henry James; (2) Lord Dunraven; (3) Dr. Robertson Nicoll; (4) Mrs. Gertrude Atherton; (5) Buster Brown; (6) Mr. James Bryce; (7) Mrs. James Bryce; (8) Mr. Lewis Hind; (9) Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A.; (10) Mr. William Archer; (11) Mr. Filson Young; (12) Mr. W. W. Astor; (13) The Duke of Roxburgh; (14) Mr. Richard Croker.

DESPAIR & JOY GO HAND IN HAND*

By T. P.

It has been my privilege to know many intrepid and noble explorers. I remember Vasco da Gama perfectly, and Sebastian Cabot was an old friend of our family. But Columbus, as his new-found nation says, is the pick of the bunch.

It was not, alas! my privilege to accompany Columbus on his epoch-making dash across the Atlantic. But I have had the unspeakable advantage of conversing with several of those who did—notably with that marvelously alert observer, Mr. See Lewis Hind, the man with the brain behind the eye (odd position!), and I have read with intense and voracious interest the masterly volumes of my wonderfully gifted friend, Mr. Filson Young, who finds such pleasure in Sandy Hook. So that my passionate regret, almost amounting to despair, at my absence from America at this crucial moment is tempered by exultation at the literary triumphs of these dear good friends of mine.

America, then, has been discovered. That much can be asserted without fear of contradiction. Nothing seems to have escaped the Argus-

eyed vision of the great Spanish explorer. He has sampled the cuisine of Delmonico's, ascended the loftiest skyscrapers, breakfasted with Booker Washington, and dined with Chauncey Depew.

I have entertained Prince Henry the Navigator to tea on the Terrace, and I remember going without a dinner in my student days to purchase a second-hand copy of Hanno's "Periplus." Yet I must confess that all these heroes are dwarfed and eclipsed by the splendour of Columbus's achievement. Looking back on the articles last year in these very pages with regard to the condition of life in America, I feel almost as if I had been inspired from some transcendental source by a strange visitation of Cassandra-like second sight. The impression which I received in New York and which I endeavoured to convey to my readers—of frightful energy, boundless extravagance, ferocious feverishness—all these things, as I look back upon them, seem to me to have suggested the inevitable advent of the time when they would be found out and revealed to the world by a genius more demoniac and commanding than my own. The discovery has come, but it has come sooner, and in vaster form than I had anticipated—in even my most polyphlois-boisterous moments.

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THE DASH ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

Shamrock II crossing the *Santa Maria's* bows in mid-ocean.

Commodore Columbus

AND

Sir Thomas Lipton

Questions in the House

IN the House of Commons last night Mr. Bellairs, M.P., asked whether it was the case that the Spanish adventurer Columbus had boarded the *Shamrock* in mid-Atlantic and put Sir Thomas Lipton in irons?

Mr. Edmund Robertson assured the Member for King's Lynn that the incident admitted of a simple and entirely satisfactory explanation. So far from Señor Columbus harbouring any hostile intentions to this country he was a harmless provision merchant and exporter of eggs, with whom Sir Thomas Lipton had established relations entirely satisfactory to both parties. Hearing that his Spanish rival was meditating a commercial campaign in the States, Sir Thomas Lipton, being a keen business man, in whom the idea of self-preservation was no less strongly developed than in any other British merchant (cheers), not unnaturally made a spirited effort to come to terms with his competitor before he landed, in the effort to arrange a pacific combine. The interview took place in mid-ocean with en-

tirely satisfactory results, and the Admiralty has received a Marconigram from Sir Thomas concluding with the magnanimous wish, "May the worst egg lose."

Columbus in New York

From Our New York Correspondent

COLUMBUS has spent a busy day. He first visited Wall Street with his Andalusian Bulls and created a panic, and in the afternoon discovered Delmonico's. After a hearty meal he discovered that he had not enough money to pay for it.

Stampede from the States

Famous Americans Flit

As a result of Columbus's appalling discoveries, the evacuation of America is already in full swing. Mr. Henry James, Mr. John Sargent, and Mr. Marion Crawford and his brother (the two phantom millionaires) have already emigrated, and to-day the saloon passengers *per* the outgoing *Mauretania* entirely consisted of the sons of America's coiniest citizens who are being shipped over to Eton by their distracted parents.



"The YORKASTRIAN"
THE ROSE
Changes Colour on the Approach
of Zealous Yorkists and Lancastrians.

Testimonial

Mr. Balfour writes:—"It is the white flower of a blameless dual life. So long as I wear it my policy will never be known."

FOR GENTLEMEN ABOUT TOWN



**The
Swashbucklers'
Handbook.**

Edited by MORRICE BUCKLER,

With Introduction by A. E. W. Mason, M.P.

Among the contributors are Mr. Martin Harvey on "How I swash my bucklers"; Mr. C. B. Fry on "Bucklers and how to swash them"; and Mr. Lewis Waller on "Bucklers I have swashed."

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS. ONE DOUBLOON NET.

Episode X

Henry VIII

The Royal Betrothal

[From the *Daily Mail*,
June 16th, 1509.]

'SPANISH and Norman and Dane are we," sings the bard, but assuredly we are "all of us Spain" in our welcome of the noble lady whom His Gracious Majesty has chosen to be his bride. Apart from the romantic circumstances of her previous marriage, Princess Catherine is not only an amiable, accomplished, and attractive woman, but she is of the bluest blood in Europe. The land of the *Capo y espada* has always appealed with peculiar force to all adventurous Englishmen; the Alhambra is a household word to all Londoners, and all lovers of the national pastime of Spain have a warm corner in their hearts for "John Bull." We are convinced as we can be of anything in this world of surprises that this new dynastic alliance will link the two nations in the bonds of imperishable amity.

Every Ounce a King

A Character Study of Henry VIII

By Sally A. Tooley

OF middle height but splendidly proportioned, and of vast muscular strength, his nobly chiselled features framed in an aureole of auburn curls, King Henry VIII not only looks but is

EVERY OUNCE A KING.

His rippling laughter is contagious and his face is continually wreathed in smiles. But the King's title to eminence is not based merely on his physical beauty, his florid complexion or his genial disposition. He is by general consent the first athlete within the four seas, and Signor Giustiniani has left it on record that it is the prettiest thing in the world to see him play tennis. On one occasion when he was annoyed with Cardinal Wolsey he suddenly seized him by the sinister leg and hurled him

down the palace stairs to the no small surprise of that eminent cleric. Then he is not only a great scholar but a great linguist, speaking five European languages fluently and being able

TO SWEAR IN ESPERANTO.

He is a very successful amateur photographer, and occasionally sketches. He is not only proficient on the viol da gamba, the virginals and the sackbut, but he is perhaps the greatest composer of this or any other age, unless we except St. Edward the Elgar, to whose works, especially the momentous march "Pomp and Circumstance," King Henry is particularly addicted. He is also deeply religious and a very early riser—invariably devoting three hours to his correspondence before breakfasting at 8 a.m.—and the Queen always

prepares his coffee for him with

HER OWN FAIRY FINGERS.

King Henry's worst enemy, if he has one, could not accuse him of being a misogynist. Indeed, his impartial devotion to the fair sex is one of the most touching traits in the character of this Royal and Admirable Crichton. At the same time he is no admirer of the advanced or enlightened woman. Indeed, he has laid down the dictum that the truly clever woman attends to her looks, and cultivates charm, and has been known to question whether a woman who writes can remain attractive. His six meals a day are always of the simplest character, and to their regularity—and simplicity—he attributes his clear head and immunity from influenza.



SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES AT THE DIVORCE OF CATHERINE OF ARAGON

The names (reading from left to right) are:—

- (1) Lady Warwick; (2) Mr. Harry de Windt; (3) M. Paderewski; (4) Sir Robert Anderson; (5) Mr. G. S. Street; (6) Mr. G. R. Sims; (7) Mr. H. B. Irving; (8) Mr. George Robey; (9) Mr. Keble Howard; (10) Mr. F. T. Bullen; (11) Mr. A. H. Bullen; (12) Mr. W. W. Astor.

The Royal Divorce

[From the *Daily Mail*
in 1532.]

AFTER twenty years of super-human forbearance our gracious Sovereign has at last taken the step dictated at once by the purest patriotism and the tenderest personal feelings. Released from the Spanish incubus and the terrible menace of a disputed succession, England once more breathes freely. With that unerring judgment which has always characterised him, the King now presents to his adoring people an English bride, winsome as a Midsummer's Day, and—if report speaks truly—as brainy as she is beautiful. Queen Anne's popularity is a foregone conclusion. As lady-in-waiting to her predecessor she won golden opinions by the tact and tenacity with which she played a waiting game. Her name is already immortalised by our warm-hearted compatriots across St. George's Channel in the refrain of their famous song "Lillibullero Bullen-a-la." Speaking for a million readers we offer her the homage of the best heads and the warmest hearts in England.

"Truth" Again Corrects a Serious Error

I HAVE observed in many papers that claim to speak with knowledge that the King will spend next week-end at Hever Castle. This is the usual farrago of crass nonsense that is to be expected from these *soi-disant* authorities. The King will do nothing of the kind. His plans are to run down to Hever Castle for the Sunday only, leaving Windsor at 9 a.m. and returning in time for his customary boar's head supper at 8.

The Court Theatre

Will be produced on Monday,
Jan. 15, 1533

The Merry Widower
A New Comic Opera

Words and Music by Hans
Holbein

Will be published Immediately

The Letters of Catherine of Aragon

Edited by
A. C. BENSON and
The MARQUIS de SOVERAL

Ready at Once

THE LETTERS OF ANNE BULLEN

Edited by

A. C. BENSON and

LORD ROSSLYN

Illustrated with Blocks.

AT ALL LIBRARIES.

THE LETTERS OF JANE SEYMOUR

Edited by

A. C. BENSON and

LORD HAWKE

A Charming Souvenir of the
late Queen.

A

BROTHER'S WAIL

By

FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

La Reine est Morte Vive la Reine !

[From the *Daily Mail*, May
20th, 1536.]

It would be affectation in us to pretend that the national rejoicings of yesterday were in any way clouded by the event of the day preceding. The King has acted, as he always does, from the noblest motives, and in terminating the miserable existence of Anne Bullen the day before his marriage with Jane Seymour he mercifully spared her the crowning humiliation of living to witness the triumph of her honoured rival and successor.

The New Queen

[From the *Daily Mail*, Jan.
'1st, 1540.]

" SAXON and Norman and Dane are we," sings the poet, and we are all of us Saxon in our welcome of the gracious Princess of Cleves, the fair *châtelaine* of Schwanenburg. Our only regret, if we may dare to be so frank, is that the King did not make this happy choice in 1536 or even in 1532. It is pleasant to think that Queen Anne, as we must learn to call her, will speedily obliterate the unhappy associations connected with that name.

NOW READY.

THE LETTERS OF ANNE OF CLEVES

Edited by

A. C. BENSON and

LORD GEORGE SANGER

The King's Pleasantry

[From *The Dais*.]

WE have the best authority for quoting a witty saying of his Majesty's on the occasion of the arrival of the ill-fated Princess Anne of Cleves last year. This Lady, it may not be generally known, was less beautiful in features than possibly in mind and nature, although a portrait of dazzling charm had by some means preceded her by way of credentials. His Majesty, ever an instantaneous judge of the points of a woman, was visibly disconcerted by the disparity between the Princess and her *carte de visite*. A courtier sending later to inquire how he found her, he remarked without a moment's hesitation that she reminded him of a Flanders mare. Few even professional wits could have been quicker or more genuinely humorous, and, needless to say, the whole Court laughed heartily, joined by the King himself. The Princess, however, with unfortunate tactlessness, remained silent and abashed. It has since transpired that the photograph which purported to be hers was in reality that of a famous Netherlandish actress. So far from its being genuine, on the last occasion that Anne of Cleves herself faced the camera, she broke it.

The Royal Wedding

[From the *Daily Mail*, August 8th, 1540.]

THERE is something inexpressibly touching in the way in which our heroic Sovereign sacrifices his personal predilections to the interests of the State. His chivalrous hopes have been shipwrecked by the atrocious conduct of his late unmentionable consort, and yet with that unconquerable sense of duty which is his strongest characteristic, he manfully shoulders the White King's burden, and once more plunges into the matrimonial maelstrom. As our great Imperialist poet, Kipling, says in an imperishable couplet:—

“Never the lotus closes,
never the wild-fowl
wake,

But our bluff King Hal
proposes another wife
to take.”

Queen Catherine comes of the best English stock, and is connected with the noblest families in the land. In the soul-shaking words of Burke: “The ducal and illustrious Howards stand, next to the Blood Royal, at the head of the Peerage of England.” Though we live in a democratic age and under a constitutional monarchy, without blue blood Britain can never be mistress of the blue water.

To the Citizens of London

Do not hire bunting
for Royal Weddings
any more. Save your
money by buying it
outright.

Mr. D. CORYATE
has the largest stock
in the City.

TESTIMONIALS

Archbishop Cranmer
writes:—"I am glad to
have your assurance that
it is cheaper to buy out-
right. I have already
hired four times, and must,
I suppose, have paid for
the flags two or three times
over. Please send 1,000
per return, as I hear that
the danger signals are out
at Court."

Will Summers (the Court
Jester) writes: "The wisest
thing is never to take the
bunting in. I told Harry
this yesterday, and he
laughed heartily."

The Book of the Season.

THE LETTERS OF CATHERINE HOWARD

Edited by
A. C. BENSON and
The DUKE OF ARGYLL

The Royal Wedding

[From the *Daily Mail* of July
12th, 1543.]

THE name Catherine is
fraught with painful associa-
tions in Court circles among
all whose memories can carry
them back to February 13th
of last year, when the des-
picable Howard expiated her
myriad iniquities towards her
long-suffering and saint-like
spouse. For this reason,
doubly welcome is a new
Queen of stainless scutcheon
and impeccable conduct who
comes to rehabilitate this sadly
tarnished prænomen, and the
ceremony to be solemnized
to-day will awake a sympa-
thetic chord in the heart of
every chivalrous Englishman.
Again, the surname Parr is a
household word to millions
of Englishmen and is fraught

with the happiest suggestion of longevity, which we sincerely hope may be realised in the case of the new Queen. Handsome, accomplished, and an excellent nurse, Miss Parr is also credited with a limitless stock of patience. Once more we congratulate His Gracious Majesty on his unerring judgment in the choice of a consort and helpmate.

Le Roi est Mort

Vive Le Roi !

[From the *Daily Mail*, Jan. 29th, 1547.]

WITH the long and passionately-desired demise of the perjured polygamist under whose iron heel we have groaned for nearly forty years England breathes again. We hate kicking a dead lion, but the accumulated enormities of this royal and ancient Brigham Young have been enough to sicken a scavenger. With him sensualism masqueraded as chivalry, and private interest as patriotism. Ferocious in temper as he was repulsive in physique, he shed the best blood in England to gratify the whim of the moment, and goes down to his grave unwept, unhonoured and unsung. Having fearlessly discharged the noisome but necessary duty of candid

criticism, we can now turn to the agreeable task of welcoming our new Sovereign, not the least of whose innumerable merits is the fact that he is not yet of marriageable age.

The Court Theatre

Will be produced on February 14,
1547,

Widower's Spouses

A Matrimonial Comedy in 2 Acts

By BERNARD SHAW

NOW READY.

"More fascinating than a novel."

THE LETTERS OF CATHERINE PARR

Edited by

A. C. BENSON

and

EARL BEECHAM

"Almost as good as a book published by Hodder and Stoughton."

—CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

WHO IS THIS?

**Your
Character
from your
Cheque Book**



**Sign and forward a book of blank cheques
to**

**Prof. W. S.,
New Place, Stratford-on-Avon,
who will send you a full description of your
life, past, present and to come, in exchange.**

Do It Now!

DON'T STOP TO THINK!

Episode XI

Napoleon and Nelson

WITH THE FRENCH ARMY AT BOULOGNE

[From the *Daily News* of
February 14th, 1805.]

From Our Special Correspondent,
Mr. Hilaire Belloc,
M.P.

BOULOGNE, February 10th.
—I am glad to give you the most positive assurances, based on a week's friendly intercourse with all ranks from generals down to privates, that the intentions of this splendid army are not only honourable but entirely pacific. The choice of Boulogne has been wholly dictated by hygienic and climatic conditions. It affords admirable opportunities for bathing, boating, and other pastimes congenial to the Latin temperament. The presence of a flotilla of flat-bottomed boats has, I believe, given rise to alarmist rumours of an invasion, but I am assured that they are solely and exclusively employed for water-picnics and other equally innocuous purposes. There is no animus against England. On the contrary, wherever I go I have been welcomed with open arms. The proprietors

of the Casino have placed their *petits chevaux* unreservedly at my disposal.

I will only add one word more. The best military experts are of opinion that the only chance of effecting a landing on the English coast is by a sudden raid, and that the maximum number of men who could be thus disembarked is 10,000. This being so, the assembling of an army of 150,000 strong for the last two years in the neighbourhood of Boulogne is proof positive that no such intention has ever entered into the head of the Emperor Napoleon, who has specially authorised me to deny the report in the most unqualified manner.

NEED WE FEAR INVASION?

[From leading article in the
Daily News of the same date.]

No fair-minded reader can peruse the remarkable despatch of our Special Correspondent with the French army at Boulogne without feelings of the deepest relief and gratitude. It is wholly needless for us to dwell on the peculiar competence of

Mr. Belloc to act as the interpreter of all that is best in English life and letters. We own that we cannot see eye to eye with him on the subject of beer, and that his theological views cannot always be reconciled with those of Dr. Clifford, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, or the Rev. Silvester Horne. But, with these reservations, Mr. Belloc is perfectly equipped for his task, and no greater proof could be shown than the confidence reposed in his horsemanship by the proprietor of the Boulogne Casino. And what is Mr. Belloc's verdict? Why simply this: that all this talk of invasion is mere moonshine; that the army at Boulogne is exclusively occupied with peaceful manoeuvres; and that the Emperor cherishes none but the most friendly feelings towards the British.

So far so good. But though the Emperor may harbour no hostile thoughts at the moment, we cannot overlook the fact that he is a proud as well as a patriotic ruler, and that he may be driven into reprisals by the odiously provocative policy of our Government, and the senseless action of the War Office in erecting Martello towers and encouraging the Volunteers. Yet even here good may come out of evil. Napoleon may be forced in self-defence to

TO-DAY'S SUGGESTIONS

for Members of

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB

"Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle"

By *Clement K. Shorter* (1896)

The close connection between Nelson and Brontë lends an intense interest to this fascinating recital, in which Mr. Shorter has almost, if not quite, surpassed himself.

"Emma"

By *Jane Austen* (1816)

The coincidence between the title of Miss Austen's brilliant novel and the Christian name of Lady Hamilton cannot fail to impress itself on the mind of any romantic reader.

"Far from the Madding Crowd"

By *Thomas Hardy* (1874)

This charming story derives an added significance at the present juncture from the fact that the author is a namesake, and probably a kinsman, of the gallant captain who at the present moment commands one of the battleships in the fleet of Lord Nelson.

"A Nile Novel"

By *George Fleming* (1877)

With recollections of Lord Nelson's famous victory crowding upon us we cannot fail to be entranced by George Fleming's happily named romance.

The Odyssey of Homer

Translated by *S. H. Butcher* and *A. Lang* (1889)

This famous rendering of Homer's masterpiece deserves attentive reading at the present moment, as Polyphemus, one of the principal characters, had only one eye like Lord Nelson.

invade our shores. But the analogy of Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror is decidedly reassuring. We owe half our greatness to our conquerors. "Roman and Norman and Dane are we," and a Napoleonic invasion, provided it could be conducted on the principles advocated by Mr. Stead at the last Hague Conference, might be fraught with untold benefits to all classes of the community.

Napoleon understands that you cannot crush down a nation by armed force; that generosity breeds generosity; that some concession must be made to insular prejudices. The whole subject is too vast to be treated in a single article, and we hope to recur to it in an early issue. It is enough for the moment if we chronicle the significant fact that at a meeting of the Social Democratic Federation held in Tooley Street last night it was unanimously resolved that Lord Nelson should be recalled and Sir John Fisher appointed in his place.

Will be published Immediately

THE LETTERS OF NELSON TO LADY HAMILTON

Edited by
A. C. BENSON and
LORD LONSDALE

THE MAN OF DESTINY

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

By Hall Caine

THE Editor of the *Daily Mail* asks me to record my personal impressions of the remarkable individual on whom the interest of Europe is so feverishly focussed at the present moment.

Offering my apology for the criticism of a humble and as yet untitled commoner, I gladly respond to this courteous request.

In life, as in literature, mystery is the heart and soul of grip.

What, then, is mystery? For myself I should be inclined to define it as the element of dramatic impressiveness—the element without which no play or novel can ever hope to rise above the level of

DESPICABLE

NINCOMPOOPISHNESS

The veriest hoddody-doddy can *write* a play. It is possible—I speak without certain knowledge—that Mr. Harold Begbie may have perpetrated a comedy or a tragedy.

But to get a play accepted; to overcome the natural caution of a shrewd *impresario*;

to induce him to mount it lavishly, and secure the most famous actors and actresses even for the most humble rôles in the cast ; to provoke anticipatory articles, paragraphs and interviews in our leading newspapers ; above all, to crowd a huge theatre night after night for months with a packed and feverishly sympathetic audience—now roaring with Homeric laughter, now convulsed with grief, and deluged with real tears ; this I can assure readers in general and Mr. Begbie in particular, is a very different matter.

The pertinence of these remarks needs no vindication. Napoleon appeals to us not merely as a Man, but as

A CORSICAN BROTHER

This, I think, explains better than anything else the vivid and widespread interest that has been aroused in the doings of a conspicuous, but rather vulgar man.

It would be an error of analysis, however, not to notice the curious geographical accident that has further stimulated interest in the doings of this so-called Man of Destiny. I mean, of course, the striking resemblance that exists between Corsica and the Isle of Man.

They are not only both islands, but they both combine attachment to an adjoining kingdom with a good deal

of autonomy and many characteristic local customs. The Corsicans have a good deal of the rugged independence of the Manx. The physical type is also similar, both being remarkable for their delicate hands and tapering fingers, their deep-set eyes and glistening eyeballs. Lastly, they are alike in having each produced a man of world-wide celebrity and profound influence on his contemporaries. But here the resemblance ends, for, apart from the abiding truth of the saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword," the one has made an overpowering appeal to the heart as well as to the intellect of the civilized world, while the other has tarnished his scutcheon by a base and treacherous abandonment of the democratic principles which he formerly espoused.

A CASE FOR RECALL

[From the *Daily Mail* of
March 15th, 1805.]

The failure of Lord Nelson to find and destroy the Toulon fleet is not only a bitter national disappointment, but it goes far to ruin the cheaply earned reputation of the British admiral. It is always painful to have to speak severely of a public servant, but we should be untrue to the trust committed to us if

we failed to remind the public that Lord Nelson is no longer a young man. He is not only very much on the wrong side of forty, but he has only one arm and one eye. He is known, moreover, to be decidedly unsympathetic towards journalists—indeed, on one occasion he is reported to have actually threatened to hang from the yard-arm a representative of the *Daily Error*, who made his way on board the Admiral's flag-ship at Portsmouth on the pardonable pretext of having been sent for to wind the clocks. Above all he is a sentimentalist—we refrain out of chivalry from labouring this point—

and, we believe, a non-smoker, and he has been so long at sea that he has quite lost touch with the best public opinion. In fine, temperament, age, and infirmity combine to render him unequal to the burden of coping with a vigilant, well-equipped and implacable foe, and we call upon the Government as patriots and men of common sense to lose no time in recalling this effete if well-meaning commander. When men so distinguished and differing so widely in their politics as Mr. Hall Caine and Lord Courtney of Penarth are at one in urging this step, no sane Minister can refuse to yield to the country's call.



SOME WELL-KNOWN FACES AT LORD NELSON'S SEND-OFF FROM PORTSMOUTH, SEPT. 15, 1805

(1) Admiral Sir Frederick Richards ; (2) Admiral Sir Edward Seymour ; (3) Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge ; (4) Sir William White ; (5) Lord Roberts ; (6) Lord Curzon ; (7) Sir Edward Grey ; (8) Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS

[From the *Daily Mail* of
November 10th, 1805.]

OTHER leaders have died in the hour of triumph, but for no other has victory so overwhelming and so signal graced the fulfilment and ending of a great life's work. Lord Nelson has been cut off in his early prime. He was only forty-seven years of age, but the coincidence of his death with the moment of completed success has impressed upon the superb battle of Trafalgar a stamp of finality, an immortality of fame which even its own grandeur scarcely could have insured. And yet only eight short months ago there were craven voices clamouring loudly for his recall! How fortunate it was that the Government, backed by a patriotic press, kept a stiff lip and refused to pay the slightest attention to these cowardly and ignominious counsels.

By the Way

TO-DAY'S Great Thought :
" Woe, Emma ! "

[From the *National Review*,
November, 1805.]

In Memoriam : Lord Nelson

BY THE POET LAUREATE

O Nelson, glorious Nelson,
This is a crushing blow !
From topmost truck to
keelson*

The ship of State cries
" Oh ! "

And Peers and Prelates all
assume

The panoply of woe.

You were the doughtiest
Paladin

That ever sailed the Main.

Bayard himself and Saladin

Were neither so humane :

And only in the battle-grip

You gave the foeman pain.

Bowed down by this bereave-
ment,

We grieve for your demise ;

Yet such is your achievement

That soon the tear-drop

dries,

And thoughts of patriotic
pride

Within my bosom rise.

Farewell, then, noble sailor,

Beloved of many crews !

Though England's cheek is
paler

Than ere she heard the
news,

'Twill need a more terrific
blow

To paralyse my Muse !

* Pronounced " kelson."



TESTIMONIAL

Harold Sharkstooth, the "Ravener of the Main," writes:—
 "For years my activities as a pirate and pillager have been handicapped by the agonies of *mal de mer*. Again and again have I been forced by sheer bodily exhaustion to forego the joys of plunder and conquest. Now, however, thanks to your priceless preparation, all is changed, and I come to my work with a new energy and enthusiasm. No sea is too rough for me, no gale too wild. My crew have been cured also, and we have thrown every storm-pan in our little 'Dreadnought' overboard. Make whatever use you like of this letter, and send me ten more bottles."

The BERSERK CURE FOR SEA-SICKNESS

On Sail Everywhere.



**May truly be said to be the last word on
SHOE-EVOLUTION**

TESTIMONIALS

Ethelred the Unready writes: "There is nothing the matter with the shape of my new pumps, but owing to the complicated cross-gartering I am more unpunctual than ever."

The Wandering Jew 'phones us from Prague: "Your fashionable footmuffs are the despair of the young Czechs. I am still plodding on, and may get to Brighton first yet. Love to Harry Preston."

St. Vitus, writing from Walsingham House, says: "My new pumps are simply perfect."

Every Story Has a Picture



HAVE you a pain in the side? You all know that sudden stab in the side when we least expect it! Some people are foolish enough to laugh it away. Others know better and make their will. Unless taken in time this stitch will lead not only to 9 but to 90 and 900, and then the end!

It can, however, be instantly and permanently cured by a few boxes of

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Easy to take

Look like sweets

No taste whatever



A well-known Magician writes :—

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Christmas Presents. HairShirts for Anchorites.



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Best Quality
Horse hair

20,000
Best Quality
Horse hair

**They would try the Patience
of a Saint.**

Extract from column advertisement from St.
Simeon Stylites: " never cease
to irritate "

St. Loe Strachey writes: " I am using four of your
hair shirts sewn together as a motor-rug. They keep
one warm and pious at the same time."

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"THE MEAD FOR CONVIVIALITY"

N.B.—The advantage of Dewy Mead drunk steadily day and night is that it keeps everyone the same age, whether great grandfather or great-grandson. They all get white hairs at once.

Dewy Mead is distilled from honey made by the best bees.

No common bees need apply.

ANALYST'S REPORT

Prof. Maeterlinck writes: "I have tested a sample of your Dewy Mead, and testify that it contains nothing but the product of the most intelligent mellifactions."

TESTIMONIAL

Mr. Louis Wain writes: "We gave our cat some Dewy Mead, and now he's a Dewy Persian."

DRINK DEWY MEAD

HIDE YOUR CHINS



Recent events have proved the importance to leaders of double lives of concealing the contour of the chin.

The chin gives you away unless you cover it.

Our false beards already cover multitudes of chins, and every day the number increases.

Our false beards are made to fit.

The join is invisible.

Real face and false hair blend as naturally as the tints of a sunset.

There are no beards like ours.

The manager of Sweeting's writes :
—"We fit all our oysters with your beards."

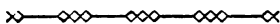
Dr. W. G. Grace writes : "I have worn one of your beards for years."



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Rédacteur: Roger Engreplume

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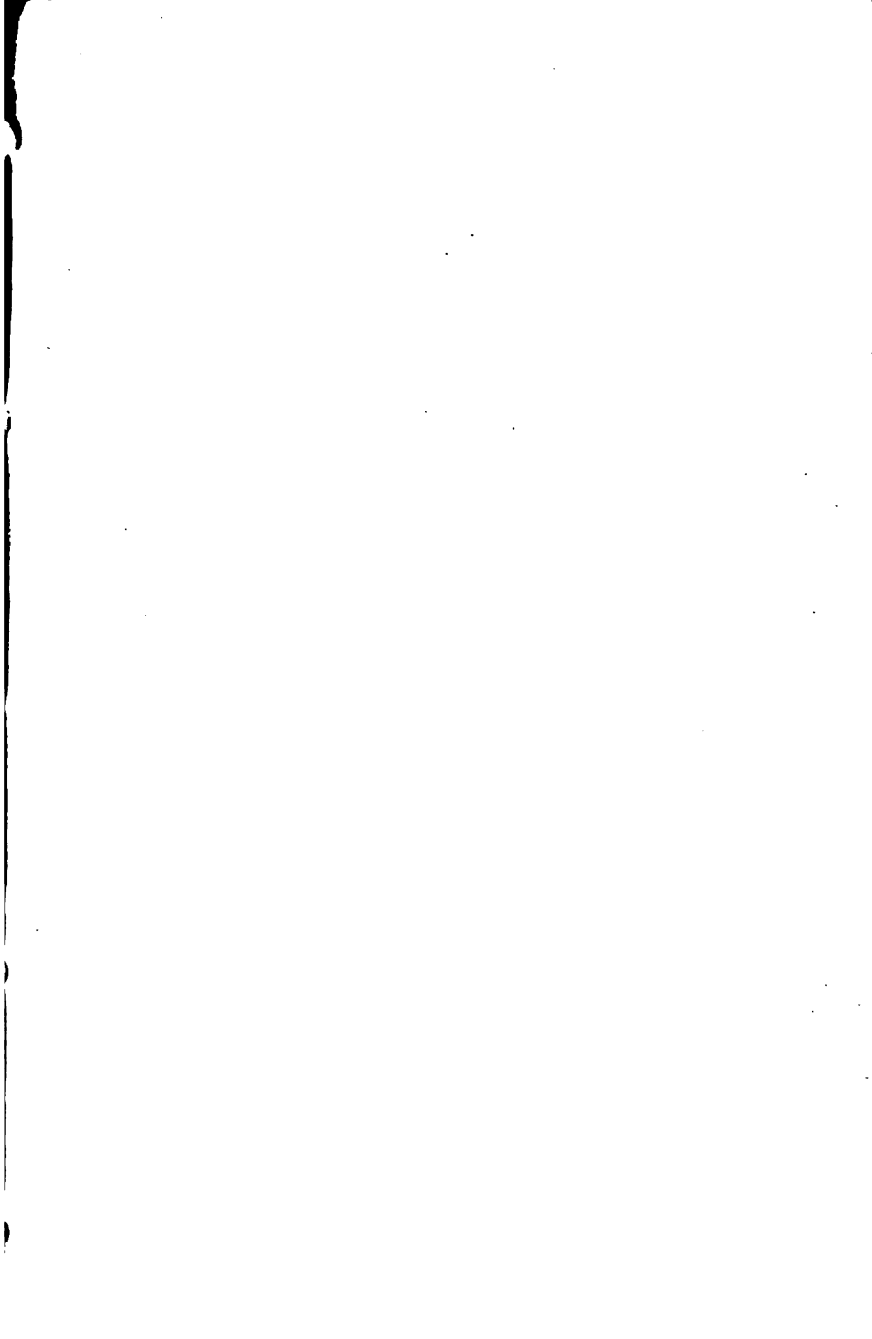
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